THE PUBLIC MIND

By

NORMAN ANGELL

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The Public Mind

Its Disorders: Its Exploitation

by

Norman Angell

If the American people would like to know how their mind is moulded and their will directed by insidious publicity campaigns, let them read this stirring book by the well-known English writer and lecturer.

In it he analyzes the public mind in Democracy the world over, he shows it at work in peace and in war, and suggests safeguards that will protect it from sinister influences and thereby hasten a Democracy which shall be intelligent and effective.

"The Public Mind" contains several choice sticks of mental dynamite which should serve to clear away the misconception which the general public has—that it does its own thinking.

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THE PUBLIC MIND

NORMAN ANGELL

is the author of THE GREAT ILLUSION, WHY FREEDOM MATTERS, ARMS AND INDUSTRY, THE PEACE TREATY AND THE ECONOMIC CHAOS, MUST BRITAIN TRAVEL THE MOSCOW ROAD? (*in answer to Trotsky*) *and other books. He is popularly received both here and abroad as a specialist-lecturer on political problems.*

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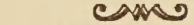
NORMAN ANGELL



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When we can explain the baser, sillier part of ourselves, then it begins to lose its power over us. . . . We are fools, no doubt, but we wish not to be fools; it is possible for us to perceive our folly, to discern the causes of it, and by that very discernment to detach ourselves from it, to make it no longer a part of our minds, but something from which they have suffered and begin to recover. Then it is as though we had stimulated our own mental phagocites against bacilli that have infected the mind from the outside; we no longer submit ourselves to the disease as if it were health; but, knowing it to be disease, we begin to recover from it.

CLUTTON-BROCK, *in*
"Essays on Religion."

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SUMMARY OF ARGUMENT

The errors of public opinion are more damaging than they used to be, both because they affect government more decisively and because Society has become more vulnerable as it has become more complex. It is increasingly important, therefore, to understand the nature of the Public Mind: the disorders to which it is subject, the way in which political and journalistic demagogy affect it, the educational or moral deficiencies that need to be corrected.

The object of these essays is, in Part I, to give a picture of the Public Mind—

As it is revealed at an election (Chapter I);

As it was revealed during the War (Chapters I and II);

And at the Peace (Chapters I and II);

To show the influence at those crises of Education (Chapters I and II);

And Organized Religion (Chapters I and II);

How these manifestations compare with previous experiences in like circumstances (Chapters III and IV);

How universal are certain outstanding emotional factors of Public Opinion (Chapters IV and V).

The purview is concluded by a sketch of the way in which the Public Mind is exploited through the popular Press.

Part II shows that the picture as sketched in Part I remains in large part invisible to the world to-day;

that the control of governments by wealth is no assurance of the security of wealth or social order; that, excited about extremely remote dangers, the dominant interests are oblivious of the tendencies which have just recently destroyed both wealth and social security and threaten to do so again.

To what conclusion in practical politics does the foregoing point?

An attempt is made in Part III to show that—

Dictatorship cannot solve the problem, and that there can be no workable government of any kind fit to face the complexities of modern life unless we make provision to correct the outstanding weaknesses of public judgment. We may hope to make democracy safe if we face squarely the fact that the voice of the people is usually the voice of Satan. The defence of democracy does not depend upon any proof that popular judgment is necessarily right, but that in the long run it will dictate, even to dictators; and so, being inevitable, we must make the best of it by—

Adapting the political instruments of democracy to the changed conditions of the modern world (Chapter IV).

Educating more consciously for Social Judgment, for the art, that is, of thinking about common facts correctly (Chapter V).

Using education to guide "human nature"; to develop a sense of social obligation to rise at times above instinct, temper, passion; to assist the mind to realize the moral obligation to apply intelligence (Chapter VII).

PART I

A PICTURE OF THE PUBLIC MIND

The Public Mind

I.

BABBITT AS MANAGER OF CIVILIZATION—IN HIS SPARE TIME

"To make the world safe for Democracy" was the American objective in the world war. The democratic forces having been victorious in that war, democracy as a method of government becomes more suspect and discredited among the nations of the world than it has been at any period of its modern development. We have witnessed since the close of the war a veritable epidemic of dictatorships. And to make the anti-climax more complete, American public opinion, in so far as it concerns itself with the matter at all, is usually favorable to the dictator as against his democratic opposition. Mussolini is a popular figure in America; Italy secures in the funding of her debt very much better terms than the more parliamentary government of Britain. At a meeting of eminent American bankers, held in New York a few weeks before these lines were written, a defence of the Fascist regime, including a repetition of Mussolini's contemptuous reference to the "corpse" of Democracy, was applauded to the echo. And among those who thus approved the kicking to pieces of the parliamentary and democratic apparatus were doubtless at least some who had given sons or relatives in the war

waged to make democracy secure. The thing for which we fought in Europe not only tends for the time being at least to disappear; it does so with the approval of the people who fought for it.

What lies behind this astonishing post-war phenomenon?

As a first step to answering that question, let us take stock, afresh, of the *modus operandi* of political democracy, as we know it in Western society: the methods common to most modern states.

At certain intervals—regular under systems like that of the United States, irregular under the parliamentary systems prevalent in Europe—the ordinary busy citizen is asked, on a given day, to sit in judgment upon his rulers. The manufacturer, professional man, artisan, butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, barber, in addition to being wise about his own personal affairs, has then to be wise about everybody else's as well; to judge the affairs of the world; to become a statesman dealing with extremely difficult and complex subjects. We are on that occasion rulers of one another: the other men's votes may send your children to their death in war; your vote may help to send your neighbor's. An ordinary election, whether in Britain or in America, compels the voter to pass judgment upon public questions which become continuously more complex. Each decade adds new problems.

Consider just a few of those upon which the busy citizen at any ordinary election is now compelled to pass judgment. There is almost always in some form or another the tariff, the whole issue of free trade and protection about which the professors of economics are themselves in disagreement. It involves difficult related

subjects like the right treatment of big business on the one hand—involving the complex trust-busting legislation designed to check its power—and the interests of, for instance, the farming population on the other. Which brings in the question of government aid for the farmer, either by attempts to stabilize the price of his product by the government marketing of surpluses or by such relief as better credit might afford; which brings us to the Federal Reserve policy and the complex question of currency and its control; the incidence of tax burdens; the payment by foreign nations of war debts; the World Court; League of Nations; disarmament; prohibition and its vast ramifications; evolution (now, in some states), the crime wave, the relation of public services like the judiciary and the police to politics; immigration; relations with Mexico, with Russia; the Red menace in the Schools; the Catholic menace, the Klan. . . .

The British voter has an even more difficult job because mistakes matter more in his case and he is confronted with vast reconstructions owing to the revolutionary economic changes that have followed the war. When the tariff is presented to him it is allied to questions like imperial preference and he is compelled to balance considerations of present advantage for Britain against the desirability of aiding, even artificially, the development of countries which may furnish a future field of emigration for people of our speech and culture. Which brings us, of course, to problems of the political relation of Britain to the Dominions, and of these to the rest of the world; to the future of the Empire, our proper relation to India, to the Orient, and to the government of subject peoples; and that, of course, involv-

ing foreign policy, carries us to questions of military strategy, the desirability of creating this or that naval base; the maintenance of the Navy or the Air Force, the future of the battleship; the League of Nations, disarmament, whether they should be opposed or encouraged; foreign trade and its relation to the American debt and the Gold Standard; inflation; deflation; the relation of currency policy to trade depression and unemployment; the coal subsidy; the proper sphere of Trade Unionism; the relations with Russia; Socialism; religious instruction in schools; the liquor problem; Church disestablishment; divorce; vivisection; compulsory vaccination. . . .

These are a mere selection from a much larger number of problems just as difficult, with which the aforesaid business man, dentist, butcher, baker, or barber has to deal—in his spare time.

For that is the essence of the method. These complex matters, often of war and peace (of life and death, that is), must necessarily be settled casually and hurriedly —can only receive a "spare-time" attention. The immense majority of voters are obliged to give most of their attention and energy to the not very easy job of earning a living. Political decisions obviously cannot receive the kind of intensive attention which a man gives to his means of livelihood, his trade or profession, for which he has had a special training. The decisions which, totalled, make public policy, the collective judgments of modern nations, must be made for the most part on the basis of headlines in the newspapers, gulped hurriedly with the morning coffee; or of casual talk in the train; or formed by catchy slogans which seem to hit the case, but probably only so seem because they

happen to be alliterative, or carry a certain rhythm which causes them to stick in the memory. Not much more is possible in our busy world. Yet the barber who would not presume to bob the hair of the least flapper, or shave any man's face, without a special preparation for the job, is usually very positive and unqualified in his political opinions, in decisions upon such subjects as free trade, the way to deal with Germany, or Ireland, or India; on unemployment, the school age, the merits of the submarine as against the battleship. Any victim who has suffered much from the talkativeness of the hair-cutting profession might well wish that he could be as sure about any one of those subjects as the politically minded barber seems to be about all of them.

It is hardly necessary to labor the point that the barber's decision becomes every day more difficult: that the mere march of invention has given him problems of which his grandfather never dreamed. If mail-coach drivers struck, it was inconvenient to a few travellers, but there was no such menace of immediate starvation as that which followed the strike of a few hundred locomotive drivers, compelling action by the community (through the Government—that is to say, ultimately, the voters) for its protection. When transport was by wagons and horses no elaborate legislation touching franchises, rates, company acts, limited liability was necessary; but when the railroad came the barber found it necessary to have opinions about those things, to vote on them, to take action deeply concerning his neighbors and their future.

It is noteworthy in this connection that much of the political machinery which we have applied to democratic conditions has come down to us from those

simpler times, and that an instrument suitable enough, it may be, for those conditions is being applied to very different conditions.

One realizes this particularly in observing the operation of the American "Long Ballot"—the method of choosing a long list of public officials by the naïve device of popular election. In Washington's day, when great cities were unknown, it was perhaps a feasible and common-sense arrangement for the inhabitants of a village to assemble on the green (or, in the case of the famous New England town meetings, in the Town Hall) and decide that John would make a good magistrate and James a good policeman. The village had known John and James since childhood. The device was feasible enough.[1] But note what happens when the device, serviceable enough in these conditions, is applied to the conditions of a modern city like New York or Chicago. The voter receives a long list—sometimes running to hundreds of names—of men whom, save with rare exception, he has never seen, whose qualifications and respective merits he cannot possibly know. They are candidates for such positions as that of judge, city engineer, surveyor, public health officer, keeper of court-house records, sheriff, chief of the police. The elector is asked to state whether, in his view, the posts of (say) officer of health, public bacteriologist, or county-court judge (his mind being necessarily in most cases a complete blank as to the necessary qualifications for such work) would be better filled by John Smith (whom the

[1] "If," as Aristotle said, "the citizens of a State are to judge and distribute offices according to merit, then they must know each other's characters; where they do not possess this knowledge, both the election to offices and the decision of law suits will go wrong" (*Politics*, Bk. VII, ch. iv.).

voter has never seen) or Henry Brown (whom equally the voter has never seen and does not know). And so on, with a list of names and offices resembling in some "Long Ballots" a public directory. The head of a great business or institution, having given a life-time to learning his particular job, is compelled often to devote laborious days to such decisions as whether A, B, or C (whose records he knows) is best fitted for a position with the functions of which he has been for years familiar. The assumption behind the electoral method presumably is that the voter going into a booth becomes endowed with some magic quality enabling him to perform miracles of selection which would baffle the greatest administrators in the world, without any of the preparatory labor which the humblest administrator in his private affairs knows to be indispensable. Yet this outrageous farce has continued for generations; nor is it a mere oversight or survival like a picturesque bit of ritual come down to us from feudal times. The attempt to change this method has often been bitterly opposed as a movement away from democracy, a "distrust of the people," a reflection upon their "great heart and sound sense."

It is true that the fight about the "Long Ballot" is perhaps now settled. The pendulum even in America has swung far indeed the other way, with towns adopting more and more the city manager method or commission government. It is recognized that the barber is not perhaps quite able in his spare time to decide the respective merits of half a dozen candidates for a judgeship, or for a post as engineer or bacteriologist.

But is he any better able to decide such questions as free trade and protection, the merits of the gold stand-

ard as opposed to a managed currency or a bi-metallic standard? These are extremely complex questions about which most divergent views are held by specialists and experts who have devoted life-time study to them. Yet he will have to answer them, and we are faced by the problem of enabling him to do that in some form or other; of helping him to judge as between experts, to apply tests in results where he cannot follow details.

But before we can even start on that task we have to take cognizance of certain characteristics of the public mind as we now know it, and the significance of these characteristics.

Looking back upon the decisions of the nations during these last fifteen years, one is brought face to face with the disturbing phenomenon that just when the facts were plainest the decisions have been most erroneous and disastrous. It is a characteristic of the most damaging mistakes that they have been about extremely simple things, about facts of universal knowledge. The errors have not been due to the intellectually baffling nature of the problems, but to the flat refusal on the part of whole nations to face self-evident facts, because to face them would have meant abandoning the indulgence of a temper, or appetite, or emotion.

Now, if that is true—and I think the reader will agree in a moment that it is—it would serve no purpose to make a democracy more "educated" in the sense of possessing a wider range of knowledge. If the people can disregard in their collective decisions the facts of which they are already perfectly well aware, they can just as easily disregard that further knowledge with which a wider education in this sense of "knowing things" might endow them.

Let us examine the commonest way in which this disregard by the public of self-evident facts is manifested in politics, at the precise moment when the average citizen ought to be most conscious of his civic responsibility—at an election in fact.

I can illustrate most easily from a personal experience. Some years ago I found myself a parliamentary candidate, having undertaken the task mainly perhaps from the desire to become a little better educated politically by meeting Public Opinion face to face, as it were, and not merely through the printed word.

Tackling the job as seriously as possible, my first step was to seek expert advice as to the proper nursing of a constituency from one who was reputed to be quite the astutest electioneer in the country. In reply to my various questions as to the best method of winning the "great heart," he delivered a little lecture which ran about as follows:

You might take Willoughby, who sits for a constituency not far from that which you propose to fight, as a model of really successful electioneering. He has the safest seat in England, in a constituency which used to be very fickle. He has made himself absolutely secure. How? I will tell you. He sits, as you know, for Birchampton—a sizable industrial city. Now you may know also that that city happens to be the birthplace of Miss Tottie Trixie, the music hall star. The town is inordinately, absurdly proud of her; they are people of curious enthusiasms up there and Tottie is one of them. There is not a newsboy that would not know her by sight, would not greet her by her Christian name.

Very well. The first step in Willoughby's astounding political success was to marry that actress. It proved a tremendous electoral asset of course. It is important to realize why, if you want to understand the underlying forces

in electioneering. The great objective in an election is to get into personal and sympathetic touch with those who might vote against you. It is easy enough to get enthusiastic meetings of your own supporters. But that won't help you very much: they would vote for you anyway. The thing to do is to reach the other side in some way: to let them see that you are a human being, and a decent sort of chap after all. Well, Willoughby could always get the other side to come to his meetings. Why? Because his wife, the famous Tottie Trixie, was always there on the platform, making, indeed, most of the speeches and giving an entertainment as good as she gives at the Follies. Whenever Willoughby holds a meeting, the whole town, quite irrespective of political opinion, turns out to it. And as she really is rather amusing and has a most taking "way with her," why those present, even if they don't like Willoughby's politics, remember that after all he is the husband of the most famous woman Birchampton ever produced—and the prettiest in England. And that's only the begining. You know the man's military record? He killed seven Germans with his own hands, a fact of which Tottie never fails to remind the audience and of which he could not very well remind the audience himself. And something still more important. Willoughby is a big upstanding fellow (stupid as a wooden image, but a great athlete). Well, he does not confine his interest in the City football team to ceremonial kick-offs at matches; he becomes an actual member of the team and plays exceedingly well, and on one crucial occasion when a cup-tie decision was involved managed to kick three goals against Manchester United. That of course put the lid on it. After that the election became a mere formality. A seat which his party could never count on holding has become a walk-over for *him*. Turn that man out of Birchampton? Not on your life. Whoever attempts it is going to fail. Tottie will see to that.

My informant may have pulled my leg a little in his somewhat too picturesque attempt to drive home his points. But will anyone who knows anything of politics

deny that factors something like those he enumerated weigh enormously in the normal electoral fight?

Let us see what such a story means with reference to the generalization of a moment ago—that the commonest error made by the public in its political decisions is to ignore the self-evident fact, the truth of which it is perfectly well aware; that sometimes the worst errors into which nations fall are self-evident errors, plain to the least-informed intelligence, if intelligence of any kind is applied.

Those elections that placed the footballer in his seat happened at a time when Britain was going through the gravest crisis she had known since the Industrial Revolution, perhaps the gravest crisis she has ever known. The country's capacity to feed its population at all, its position in the world, the kind of life that the next generation would lead, its liability to new wars, to unemployment of the acutest kind, to poverty, low wages, appalling housing conditions, were all involved in those elections. Every vote was important. The need for getting all possible support for the right policy as against the wrong was vital.

Well, what weighed with ten or twenty thousand adult men and women at that time of crisis in that particular constituency? What really weighed was the fact that one of the candidates had married a pretty actress, had killed seven Germans, and had kicked three goals.

I suggest two things: first, that the capacity to marry actresses, kill Germans, or kick goals is no qualification for dealing with the appallingly urgent problems of foreign trade, an inflated currency, public debt, better housing, and the appeasement of Europe; and, secondly, that it is open to the least educated, the

meanest intelligence, the waitress or the charwoman, to see that that capacity is no qualification for dealing with those things. The one fact which was plain and undoubted, self-evident, was the one fact which was completely disregarded. The minds of the thousands fell into the trap of a quite irrelevant sympathy; not a sympathy bad in itself; good, indeed, in itself, but disastrous, catastrophic, when allowed to determine decisions to which it is completely irrelevant, when used to justify escape from reason.

Let us delve a little farther into the psychology of elections.

Feeling that the authority just quoted had done rather less than justice to the average voter, I set about a serious two or three years' education of the constituency which had been assigned to me. In the course of that campaign of education I made certain discoveries. One of them was this: If you are dealing with a population racked by unemployment, suffering from low wages, bad housing, economic insecurity, danger of war, then the things which it is extremely difficult to get them interested in are more stable employment, better housing, higher wages, general economic security, the maintenance of peace. That sounds mere paradoxical extravagance. Obviously, you may object, people who suffer from low wages, who do not get enough to eat, who see their children suffer, will be interested in finding a cure. Well, it can be put to a very simple test. In an average industrial city, where the conditions just recited are common, announce two meetings: one to be addressed by the greatest authorities in the country on problems of unemployment, foreign trade, currency, housing, peace; and the other for the same evening, to

be addressed on those subjects by, shall we say, Master Jackie Coogan or Mary Pickford. Which would have the larger audience—among the unemployed? There cannot be any question about it. The attendance at the first meeting will bear about the same relation to the attendance at the second, that the circulation of a high-brow weekly does to the circulation of *Tit-Bits*, or the *Saturday Evening Post*, or other popular illustrated papers of a type which, the world over, is now becoming so common. (When Mary Pickford or Charles Chaplin comes to London the history of Europe seems to stop. The emphasis of news passes altogether from such things as German reparations or Ruhr invasions, and nearly all that one can learn at those times of yesterday's history of the world is the number of persons Charlie shook hands with, or what Mary said about the London shops.)

It may be objected that the unemployed have not the education to follow understandingly a lecture on the relation of foreign policy or deflation to unemployment, and thus prefer Charlie Chaplin or Tottie Trixie. But at his meeting, or among the voters for Tottie's husband, you will find as large a proportion of the "educated" as of the "uneducated." Indeed, political interest and political understanding, the capacity to discuss intelligently a subject like currency, is certainly greater in organizations like the I.L.P. or an average Co-operative Society, mainly of working-class origin, than it is in *bourgeois* political organizations. The jazz mind is not solely or mainly a working-class mind.

This, then, is what "education" seems to have done for the mind of the mass. The trivial things are the interesting things; and the vital things, the problems of

social life and death, are to the average mind so dull and wearisome that it can only be driven to give some shadow of attention to them by a heavy sense of duty.

It may be urged that these instances are themselves too trivial. In the rather dusty business of party politics, it may be said, the public will rightly enough be relatively indifferent to candidates, feeling probably that both are self-seeking adventurers and that we might as well vote for an amusing one as for a dull one; and that, for that matter, Mary Pickford knows as much as the Prime Minister about unemployment. It is not in elections, we are told, that the real mind and heart of the people are touched. But when the issues are really grave and plain, then a deep sense of rightness will be stirred and the voice of the people will in verity be the voice of God.

Well, take a circumstance which was grave enough in all conscience: the opening of the War in 1914. Was the voice of the people the voice of God then? I mean the voice of the German people, when seventy millions of the most educated people of the Western world stood behind their government (at least, such for ten years has been our passionate conviction and the basis of the ultimate peace which we made with them) when that government launched upon civilization what we have agreed to call the greatest crime of history. Again, you may object that I am taking unfair examples; that "Huns" are exceptional; that, as our newspapers, politicians, public men, bishops, pastors, teachers so persistently taught us for ten years, Germans stand in a special category "outside the frontiers of civilization" if not indeed of humanity, since they are in the habit of boiling down their dead for glycerine, of cutting off

babies' hands for amusement. Have we not had numberless witnesses to these facts? Have not our educated men again and again given support to their credibility? How, therefore, can I cite a collective decision of the German nation as illustrative of what "the voice of the people" may be—whether of God or of Satan?

Very well, we will confine our cases to Allied decisions.

Was the voice of the people the voice of God when the British, the French, the Italian, the American peoples came to make peace? The occasion then was grave, too. Nearly a whole generation of youth had given their lives to give us the victory we were then using because we had told them during four years that the victory which their deaths would bring was to be used to give mankind a new hope, to wipe away old evils that turned men into butchers and the world into a slaughter-house. How did we fulfil our side of the contract with them?

About the treaty we then made we can assuredly say this: If we were making it to-day it would be a very different document. Is it really necessary to labor the point that it would be different? Have we not, indeed, radically altered as much of it as can readily be altered —particularly the economic clauses? Would we not now oppose many of the provisions, territorial and other, for which, in common with our Allies, we then clamored? How strange do some of the slogans of the settlement now sound! "Whole Cost of the War," "Hang the Kaiser," "Punishment of all War Criminals" — and other things which figured in Mr. Lloyd George's "points" in 1918. Instead of maintaining the early demands for "entire cost," a demand which, in addition to being futile and fatuous, involved violating the solemn agreement of honor on the faith of which the

enemy laid down his arms, we have become the protagonists of moderation, refusing participation in Ruhr invasions, lending Germany large sums, floating many German industrial loans in London. The Kaiser was the enemy of mankind, Antichrist for whom no punishment could be too great; we demanded his surrender for punishment. When in June 1926 the German people are asked by referendum to say whether the Kaiser's private property shall be forfeit (incidentally, as a potential though indirect asset for reparations) and there is a considerable poll in favor of such course, *The Times* is shocked at such harshness and comments:

> It is of great significance that more than 14,000,000 men and women of the foremost and most highly educated race of Europe should have supported such a violation of natural morality.[1]

In describing this action, as it does, as "barefaced robbery," *The Times* seems to have overlooked the fact that we have anticipated the German population in the confiscation of German royal property. Article 257 of the Versailles Treaty, dealing with the German State property subject to seizure, reads:

> For the purposes of this Article, the property and possession of the German Empire and the German States shall be deemed to include all the property of the Crown, the Empire, or the States, and the private property of the former German Emperor and other Royal personages.

We have acted under that provision in South-West Africa, confiscating the possessions of a German Royal Family trust under which—such are the curious inci-

[1] June 11, 1926.

dents of these things—H. R. H. Prince of Connaught, a former Governor General of the Union, is a beneficiary. If *The Times*, nevertheless, would regard this confiscation of royal property as barefaced robbery, though in this case we, as beneficiaries under the Treaty, happen to be the robbers, how would it describe the confiscation (under Article 297 of the Treaty) by the British Government of the plantations of thousands of German colonists in German East Africa, in many cases the outcome of a life's work, and the expulsion of the colonist after this confiscation of his private property without one penny of compensation?[1] Yet this reduction of colonists, in many cases elderly, to poverty was carried out so ruthlessly that when completed the colony was described by an Englishman who visited it as "an empty shell." Obviously to-day we should not want to do that sort of thing, even to Kaisers, and as to lesser criminals we have just forgotten all about them.[2]

Verily, the Treaty would be a different document if written to-day.

But why? Were not the facts which would guide us

[1] In 1918 *The Times* warmly upheld Sir Eric Geddes (he of the squeaking pips), part of whose policy of squeezing Germany was to take every bit of property belonging to Germans in neutral and Allied countries, all her gold and silver, all the jewels of her citizens, all the contents of her picture galleries and libraries, and to sell the proceeds for the Allies' benefit. "I would strip Germany as she has stripped Belgium." In extenuation of Sir Eric, it may be explained that in an earlier speech he had incurred the grave displeasure of the then proprietor of *The Times* by admitting in a moment of injudicious candor that it might not prove possible to extract from Germany the whole cost of the War. An indiscretion of this kind was enough to kill a man politically in 1918, and Sir Eric had to re-establish his orthodoxy.

[2] The list drawn up at Paris includes the President of the German Republic and several officials now walking about unmolested in London and Paris.

to-day available then? They were just as available, just as visible, if we had wanted to see them. We did not want to see them. It is not the facts which have altered; it is our mood and temper.[1]

I have said above that at election time the average voter is not interested in such things as a better income, improved conditions of life, or larger opportunities for his children; that he will usually drop any pretence even of interest in them if he can turn instead to a piece of entertainment like a speech from Jackie Coogan or a football match. Usually, of course, the process by which we turn our politics into entertainment, diversion, is a little more subtle and disguised than by the importation of movie artists or music hall actresses into them.

Thus, it would be exactly true to say that in the election of 1918 the electorate as a whole were not interested at all in promoting the country's welfare, protecting it against the repetition of evils like those through which it had just passed: re-establishing its trade, reconstructing its industry. No one who can really recall the temper of that time would honestly say that most people were then sufficiently introspective or rational to consider what would be the effect upon the country of the policy for which they clamored.

There had been four years of bitter war and appall-

[1] It will not do to ascribe the defects of the Treaty of Versailles to the wickedness of statesmen tricking the public. It was in full accord with the public opinion of the time, including American public opinion. We know now, by such revelations as those of Lloyd George's secret memorandum, Nitti's book, Wilson's difficulties, that the statesmen would have avoided some of the worst errors if they had not been compelled for the safety of their political positions to feed the hungry emotions of the public.

ing losses—of a propaganda which did not even pretend to tell the truth since its object was to make us hate the enemy and so want to go on fighting him. For four years it had permitted nothing good to be said of the enemy and nothing evil of our Allies or ourselves. The result was that the average man was consumed with a blazing passion of retaliation. The one thing he wanted, the one thing in which he was really interested, was the satisfaction of that passion. One had only to attend any ordinary election meeting of the time to realize that it was simply comic to expect a rational consideration of welfare from people under the dominion of feelings such as these. A violent lust was upon us, and we were perfectly ready to sacrifice country, our children's future security, and everything else to satisfy it.

I call to mind one meeting. Both candidates were to address it. The first, not electorally very expert, tried to awaken his audience to the gravity of the decision which they were to make. The peace about to be made would determine whether the hopes of a new world would be realized. He spoke of the need of England—densely populated, dependent for its food on foreign trade, facing a difficult period of reconstruction—for a stabler Europe than we had known in the past. One could hear the audience getting fidgety. A woman shouted warningly, "No Pacifism"; cheers greeted her interjection. The candidate attempted to explain the mechanism of indemnity payments: the amount of the indemnity could not at best be more than the difference between what Germany sold abroad and what she bought. To pay much, she must expand greatly her foreign trade. Again murmurs, and finally a voice, raucous but voluble, from the back of the hall:

Dry up on all this and tell us plainly whether you favor making Germany pay the 'ole cost of the War and 'anging the Kayzer.

That practically ended the first candidate's speech. The opposing candidate who followed knew his business. He began his speech with these words:

I am for hanging the Kaiser.

After the rather unexciting economic arguments of his opponent this battle-cry was a relief, and met with cheers that raised the roof. They were even louder when he added:

I am for making Germany pay the whole cost of the War, whatever hair-splitting lawyers may prate about the Armistice engagements.[1]

And his initial triumph was ably followed up. The speaker, referring to the fact that he had given two sons to his country, related how one of them had been told by a French officer of the finding, by a friend of that officer (who had told the officer, who had told the son, who had told the father), of a crucified Canadian in one of the trenches from which the Germans had been driven. No details were spared. And then, on an even more solemn note, came descriptions, read from

[1] *The Times* leading article of December 8, 1918, entitled "Making Germany Pay" says: "There is too much suspicion of interests concerned to let the Germans off lightly, whereas the only possible motive in determining their capacity to pay must be the interests of the Allies." And the political correspondent in that issue writes: "It is the candidate who deals with the issues of to-day; who adopts Mr. Barnes' phrase about 'hanging the Kaiser' and plumps for the payment of the cost of the War by Germany, who rouses his audience and strikes the notes to which they are most responsive."

the undeniable, indubitable printed word of British newspapers, of the boiling down of the dead, the cutting off of the children's hands. . . . The orator played with the emotions of that audience as a harpist upon strings.

There could not be much doubt when he sat down which of the two candidates would be elected.

Yet . . . after all . . . what *had* these extremely moving and electorally effective stories to do with the problem of maintaining the country's welfare, of preventing that unemployment and collapse of trade which obviously threatened and against which not a few (this present writer among them) were doing their best to warn the public? The subject-matter of the candidate's speech had, of course, nothing to do with these things. But it made certain his election.

As a good politician he realized, of course, that the "big" public was not interested in the country's welfare: in anything so "dry" as trade, employment, education, currency. At most times an election audience would be bored stiff by the discussion of such subjects. And in moods like that which marked the election of 1918, just previous to the Peace Conference, they simply would not listen to anything so cold-blooded and rationalized as the question whether we had undertaken to limit our indemnity claim to certain well-defined costs; or whether, even if we were morally entitled to make the claim, it would be advantageous to the material interests of Great Britain to attempt to enforce it. The understanding of these issues did not need any particular education or special knowledge. Yet the mass of the voters refused to consider them for a moment; the mere statement of them provoked anger, irritation,

a fierce resentment, as threatening to defraud the public of the satisfaction of its passions. The relevant facts of the settlement, the proclaimed objects of the War, were lost sight of in an irrelevant hostility; as in the more trivial case of the election of the footballer, the relevant facts were lost sight of in an irrelevant sympathy.

Four days before going to the polls in that election, Mr. Lloyd George (at Bristol) laid down the principles of his indemnity policy. They were: (1) We have an absolute right to demand the whole cost of the War; (2) We propose to demand the whole cost of the War; (3) A committee appointed by the Cabinet believe that it can be done.

Now, among the estimates then being made of the whole cost of the War, the most moderate placed it at somewhere about twenty-four thousand million pounds. This would mean an annual payment for interest alone (apart from sinking fund) of one thousand two hundred million pounds. The Dawes Plan calls for less than one-tenth of this amount.

At the Conference some such figure as twenty-four thousand millions was actually mentioned. Lloyd George was asked just what it meant, since it could never be collected. He is reported to have replied: "Twenty-four thousand millions! My dear fellow, if the election had gone on another fortnight, it would have been fifty thousand millions."

All those figures were "electoral" figures.

I am dealing here with events that are not yet ten years old. And yet I am conscious of the psychological impossibility of making the man of 1926 realize in any vivid sense how he felt and thought and acted in 1918.

It serves little purpose to recall the mere external event. That does not reach the essence of the thing. A friend of mine in France once tried to write a history of the Dreyfus Case and brought it to me for my opinion. He had carefully catalogued all the occurrences of that extraordinary ten years: the condemnation, the degradation, the exile to the Devil's Island, the demand for revision, what this public man did, what that other said—all careful, exact, full. But when I handed it back to him and said: "You have told of nearly every event that happened except the one event—the tone and color and intensity of the tumult which that case provoked in the minds and hearts of men; you have told the facts, but you have not written a history of the Dreyfus Case," sadly he agreed. So now I have the same sense of failure to bring home the nature of our feelings in that time: to make Philip sober see how he looked and acted in his debauch, how men really did take leave of their senses, denied the self-evident, affirmed monstrous and impossible propositions, lauded evil and called it good. Something in us, the internal censor, emotional exhaustion, merciful forgetfulness, time, causes us, not to wipe out the whole drawing, but to pass over it a sponge which makes it foggy, indistinct; the beastly detail gets merged into a general obscurity and we deny that that detail was in fact what it was.

I remember suggesting to my friend who wrote the history of the Dreyfus Case that the small things of that time would tell the story better than the big ones: the fact that a candidate for directorship of the Opera was ruled out and lost the position because it became noised about that he was a Dreyfusard; that a group

of papers for weeks harped on the fact that a particular politician's mother was English and that that explained his advocacy of revision. (For, of course, as M. de Freycinet explained at Rennes, and as everybody knew, England was the most important contributor to the Syndicate of Treason which had engineered the revision campaign.) So, now, the fact that if you go to Charing Cross station you will find the word *Fahrkarten* blotted out from above the booking-office perhaps tells more than many historical documents would: we were revolted then at the very sight of a German word, though half the words we use, and all the homely ones—man and God, and father and mother, and flesh and blood—are German words. I turn over my notebook to find similar signs that will record the time when men, educated men, took leave of sense and reason. Here are the papers printing long letters protesting violently against giving Christian burial to the Germans brought down in a destroyed Zeppelin. Half a page devoted to a debate in Parliament about leaving an elderly German archæologist in charge of ancient documents in a museum. Questions in Parliament: Were German officers brought from the coast permitted to travel in first-class railway carriages? There is a great slaughter, it appears, of dachshunds, though one correspondent with qualms wants to be quite sure that the dogs really did originally come from Germany. The *Evening News* prints lists of those who had undertaken to help feed the children of interned Germans, harrying with headlines ("Hun-coddlers" was the invention for the occasion) Quakers and others who had been guilty of, explains the *Evening News*, "feeding the tiger's cubs with bits of cake." (One would have supposed that patriot-

ism would prompt us to take a certain pride in the fact that Englishmen did not make war on children left in their midst. But war-time Press patriotism[1] is not of that kind. This is "a scandal that must be stopped" like the Christian burial of Germans.) When an English admiral refers to dead German sailors as "brave enemies," a veritable storm breaks. One popular English novelist protests volubly; and another reminds us that "an officer of standing records how he himself beheld the carcass of a little child hanging up on hooks in a butcher's shop" in Belgium. She plainly believed it. Why not? Had not even "pacifist and pro-German" papers within a few weeks of the outbreak of war dwelt upon little poignant details of girls with their breasts hacked off [2] and the handless babies. And at intervals Mr. Pemberton Billing and his black book; of the thousands of Englishmen in the Kaiser's pay or power, the hundred thousand Russians, the corpse factory. . . .

American notes reveal exactly similar idiocies. An

[1] And perhaps peace-time as well. The smart paragraphist of the *Evening Standard,* replying, in the issue of September 18, 1926, to an alleged statement by Dr. Norwood to the effect that the British air raids and poison gas slaughtered as many women and children as the German efforts of that kind, writes: "What he said is not an indictment of British humanity, but a tribute to British efficiency in making up lost ground. For that the Germans were the first to use poison gas and to bomb defenceless towns is incontestable. I suppose Dr. Norwood would admit that in war one cannot turn the other cheek." Is it, then, militarily efficient to kill enemy children? Alive they consume his food and render the blockade more effective; dead they relieve the enemy of a burden. Punishment? But . . . was it the babies who did the bombing? To undermine enemy *morale?* Is the father who has had a child killed by the enemy likely to fight less fiercely than before? Few are so sentimentally averse to facing facts as the "realist" who writes contemptuously of sentiment—and the Sermon on the Mount.

[2] *Daily News,* September 14, 1914: "The poor thing was very pretty and only about nineteen and had only her skirt on."

amendment to the Espionage Act punishes with twenty years' imprisonment "any language intended to bring the form of government of the United States . . . or the flag . . . or the uniform . . . into contempt, scorn, contumely, or disrepute . . . or suggest the doing of any of the acts or things . . . enumerated. . . ." [1] An excessive punishment for the suggestion that the new-made Wall Street general looked an ass in his new uniform, or for pushing home the argument that the Constitution would work better if most senators were dead.

A Columbia professor proposes a bill making it a penal offence to teach the German language to any

[1] The Amendment has since been repealed. Professor Zechariah Chafee, of the Harvard Law School, gives a few samples of punishment under the law as it stood: For saying "I am for the people and the Government is for the profiteers" a girl was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. For questioning the legality of the American invasion of Russia without declaration of war, sentences of twenty years' imprisonment were imposed. Under the Minnesota State law it was held a crime to discourage women from knitting by the remark "No soldier ever sees those socks." Professor Chafee adds: "After the next war, critical thinking in this country will be practically impossible."—*The Next War*, published by the Harvard Alumni Bulletin Press.

Here are some further cases: The Rev. C. A. Waldron, fifteen years for preaching that Christ did not approve war, and for circulating a religious pacifist pamphlet; Harold Mackley, fifteen years for "disloyal remarks" in conversation, both at Burlington, Vt.; Daniel Wallace at Davenport, Iowa, twenty years for speech on conscription and the war; Fred Kraft (former Candidate for Governor five years at Trenton, N. J., for criticism of conscription; Vincent Balbas, a Porto Rican, eight years for an editorial in his paper opposing the drafting of Porto Ricans who had declined U. S. citizenship; J. A. Petersen (at Minneapolis), Republican nominee for U. S. Senate, four years for speeches and articles during the campaign; at Sioux Falls twenty-six persons sentenced from one to two years for circulating a petition alleging unfair administration of the draft; at Sioux Falls, Wm. J. Head, State Socialist secretary, three years for circulating a petition for the repeal of the draft law; at Des Moines, D. T. Blodgett, twenty years for circulating leaflet advocating not re-electing congressmen who voted for conscription.

American citizen[1]; such teaching shall only be by special license granted after careful investigation as to whether the student is one hundred per cent. chemically pure American. . . . Did the director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra refuse to play "The Star Spangled Banner?" Are there GERMANS in the orchestra? The headlines scream at one. And that microbe is at work on this side too. "Boche Music Must Go" shouts the *Mail*,[2] because it is "Wily Pro-Germanism," a subtle form of German propaganda. "Wherever they have penetrated during the War," writes a contributor, "one of their first cards has been to organize concerts." Sir Henry Wood is castigated by a correspondent because he conducted a concert which included Wagner. Mr. Diaghileff joins in. "German music is suffocating miasma," Brahms a "putrefying corpse," "Beethoven a mummy," and, "as for Schumann, I see in him nothing but a homesick dog howling at the moon." And here, to vary things, a Christian clergyman violently fulminating against the insult to his parish which the bringing of some starving Austrian children constituted.

And here are copies of *John Bull*—Bottomley's *John Bull*. We have forgotten Bottomley, the man whose weekly fulminations had more readers, far more readers, than the articles of any other journalist whatsoever. The man who, during the war, was a force which governments feared; who was spoken of more than once as a possibility for the Premiership; who had his followers and henchmen in the House of Commons; whose recruiting speeches were paid for at the rate

[1] For several years after 1917, in nearly all the American high schools the teaching of German was strictly prohibited.

[2] May 31, 1919.

of two hundred pounds apiece; who for years was by far the most "popular" figure in the country; whose articles clergymen read as sermons and Lord Rothermere published in his Sunday papers.

Normally, four permanent dishes made up his journalistic menu: pornography, the Royal Family, horse-racing, and, by far the greatest of all, Patriotism. Had a German in a prison camp been accorded a Christian burial? Violent protest at such a scandal; articles made up of words which were noises rather than words. "Hellish Huns," "God Cursed Germ-huns" (a pun repeated twenty times in one article), Damnable Bastards . . . Baby Killers, Cutters-off of Children's Hands—all usually to the approval of some clergyman or others writing letters. Had some public man refused to send away an old German servant? The same kind of explosion; a rampage, a lynching. Had some other public man presumed to plead for workable terms of peace instead of the "extermination of the Germhun vermin?"—then his father could not have been married to his mother. Nothing was too mean, too base as an instrument of this demagogy. And as a means of circulation for his paper, of money-making, popularity, a seat in Parliament, the deference of bishops and titled folk, it worked successfully—oh! how successfully. No one semed to mind, and Mr. Bottomley might well have ended in the House of Lords but for a slip-up about money matters.

Here is a note made at the time touching this particular factor of the public mind of the period:

It is one of the astonishing blindnesses of those who profess to play some part in shaping our democracy that they do not seem to realize the momentum of the passions which

are thus fed and strengthened. Our political, religious, and literary leaders have nothing to say when the Bottomleys, day after day or week after week, in papers that circulate by millions, paint the Germans—seventy millions of them, men, women, and children alike—as obscene animals. And then the leaders profess to be astonished when this public, educated in that fashion, decline to allow the Germans to be treated as human beings when it comes to making peace. The man in the street here is much more logical than his leaders. For years our papers have been so selecting news as to give color to the supposition that Germans are not human beings at all: corpse factories, spitting of babies on bayonets, Germany alone responsible for the War, no atrocities in war but German atrocities—for years it all passed, although plenty of educated folk in private would admit it to be unutterable rubbish. But not a word in public from the respectable eminences; no princes of the Church called a halt to this method. But if that presentation of the case were to be taken at its face value, then the peace is far too mild. Indeed, there is only one solution that would really be adequate to the situation: the asphyxiation of the whole German race. And while Mr. Bottomley just fell short of the influence which might have enabled him to compel the application of that remedy, he was powerful enough to block the way to anything short of it which could be effective. One would like to ask some of our leaders who "saw no harm" in this sort of thing just what they expected the peace to be like.

A certain vicious circle is established. The fact of printing habitually only half the truth—leaving out, that is, everything good done by the enemy and everything bad done by ourselves—creates a passion so strong that we simply won't hear anything that might be said for the enemy; the pandering to this passion strengthens it and causes it to reach heights which crave its daily dose of atrocities as drug, until you finally get a public which is not sane, and in that state of insanity makes treaties which will send our children into the cauldron of some new war—to start the process afresh in some intensified form.

Those who saw no harm in Bottomley, saw him day by

day reducing the only religion we had—Patriotism—to a cruel and mean vindictiveness. Patriotism, illumined by some honest facing of the whole truth about the War and the enemy, might have been made an impulse of chivalry. "England does not do some things"—starve enemy children, make war on the helpless and feeble. But we know what the psychological law, just indicated, can do. If you make day by day these suggestions of treachery, of cunning, of cowardice, of obscenity, apply them to a whole people, men, women, and children alike, then in the end it will become "Patriotism" to clamor for the killing of little children by bombs or by blockades: to hound as traitors those who showed a little decent human pity for the suffering and lonely ones in our midst, to harry old women who have spent a lifetime in England, to seize their small savings, to drive from public life the politician who may have the courage to object to these things, to encourage the baiting of the conscientious objector, to disseminate silly and lying stories of plots and spies, to make of this country, which used to boast about being the most liberal in the world, quite one of the worst in its *anti*-foreigner legislation. This was what, in the able hands of Mr. Bottomley, Patriotism came to mean.

And this commercial exploitation of what are perhaps among the meanest and basest, as they are certainly at this particular juncture of the world's history the most dangerous and anti-social, instincts in our defective human nature, is regarded with the completest complacency by our moral leaders. If Mr. Bottomley had confined himself to this means of money-making instead of yielding to his early taste for lotteries, he could have accumulated great wealth and have given to the nation a race of hereditary legislators. And most of those who now call Heaven to witness his villainies would not have had a word to say.

Keynes put the matter at that time, in so far as it touches the politician, in these terms:

Mr. Lloyd George took the responsibility for a Treaty of Peace that was not wise, which was partly impossible,

and which endangered the life of Europe. He may defend himself by saying that he knew that it was not wise and was partly impossible and endangered the life of Europe; but that public passions and public ignorance play a part in the world of which he who aspires to lead a democracy must take account; that the Peace of Versailles was the best momentary settlement which the demands of the mob and the characters of the chief actors conjoined to permit; and for the life of Europe, that he had spent his skill and strength for two years in avoiding or moderating the dangers. . . .The public history of the two years which have followed the Peace exhibit him as protecting Europe from as many of the evil consequences of his own Treaty as it lay in his power to prevent, with a craft few could have bettered, preserving the peace though not the prosperity of Europe, seldom expressing the truth, yet often acting under its influence. He would claim, therefore, that by devious paths, a faithful servant of the possible, he was serving Man.

But that claim would ignore a good deal—the fact, for instance, that by 'talking as much folly as the public demand," the statesmen increase the power of the folly which they have to meet.

This picture of the public mind will be criticized as lop-sided, as giving undue prominence to what is, after all, but one element in collective behavior. As against the blindnesses, irrationalisms, meannesses, cruelties, falsehoods and insincerities which the study of collective behavior so often reveals, we must balance, I shall be told, the nobler qualities, the sound sense of men in so much of their lives—the patience, generosities, magnanimities. The evil is, relatively to the rest, a small amount.

Well, the reefs and shoals shown on a navigator's chart indicate what is but a tiny proportion of the

ocean's whole area. But it is to that tiny proportion that the good seaman gives nearly all his attention. The whole object of these pages is not to dwell on the phases of human conduct which are naturally sound, but on the points at which, socially, it breaks down. The "naturally" good and social tendencies can be left to themselves; it is the anti-social that we need to watch. We may say, indeed, that in normal times mankind jogs along pretty well, and that this is the main thing. But that is something like saying of a motor-car driver that he is a good chauffeur except in traffic difficulties, when he is pretty certain to cause nasty smashes.

II.

DOES THE PROFESSOR HELP—OR THE PARSON?

The outstanding fact, then, about the most disastrous decisions of the public mind is that those decisions again and again defy the self-evident. The proof of the folly which inheres in certain policies now pursued by Europe, and which if persisted in must end by wrecking western civilization, is to be found, not in knowledge now denied to those who impose the policies, but in knowledge which is all but universally possessed. The knowledge which might have saved Europe was not lacking. What was lacking was the capacity or willingness to use knowledge already possessed; a certain self-discipline, a sense of the social and moral obligation to apply intelligence to a situation in which our passions are involved, and which, if applied, would deprive us of

the satisfaction of some emotional appetite such as vengeance, or show what we call our moral indignation to be ill founded.

The phenomenon raises, as already suggested, disturbing questions touching the utility of education as we now know it in the task of helping mankind to live together. If we are unable, in the guidance of our conduct, to use the knowledge we already possess; if we can ignore the facts we already know, it will serve little purpose to give us a knowledge of further facts. It will be just as easy to ignore those also.

That indeed helps us to understand what examination of the disasters of the last fifteen years reveals, namely, that the educated classes, like those which formed the governing order in Germany, were just as subject to the follies which have nearly destroyed us as the "uneducated" sections of the nations. Unfortunately one must go further than that. Education, the influence that is of academic institutions, of the classes those institutions turned out, of the special traditions like Nationalism which they nurtured and developed, the philosophies of life and politics most favored by school and university—organized education in this sense has worsened the follies and errors from which we have suffered. Not only, therefore, is it true to say that most of those follies would have been avoided if those who suffered by them had applied the knowledge which is a commonplace of our daily lives, but it is also true to say that education helped to obscure the commonplaces which might have saved us, and that the errors themselves were in large part due to the express efforts of the educated classes, were in a special sense their creation.

We on the Allied side of the fence admit this readily enough when we recall the rôle played by the University in Germany in the generation which immediately preceded the war. The semi-mystic militarism, the altogether mystic Nationalism, these doctrines of the Germanic super-man, of the God-State, of Germany's mission to redeem the world, of the purifying and regenerating effect of war, were all buttressed and nursed in the universities and by the Professors of the most learned nation in the world. Dangerous nearly everywhere in this Europe of so many warring and disintegrating nationalisms, we felt the thing had reached the point of becoming a religion in Germany—although Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardhi were not its trinity or high priests as our war-time journalism would have had us believe.

But the post-war developments in Europe have taught us—though it was evident enough before the war—that the danger is not special to Germany. One may well ask indeed whether the nationalism of the Kaiser was not amiable and anodyne compared to the potency of Mussolini's brand, or, for that matter, of Professor Poincaré's, and ask whether Nationalism has not become since the war an even more disruptive and explosive force than it was before.

It is impossible to examine the growth of this nationalist religion in Europe without being struck by the enormous part played therein by the educated, by learning and literature. It is not the peasant toiling in his fields, nor the craftsman busy with the creation of his hands, who gets poisoned so badly with this insane root. Left to himself the worker would probably be indifferent enough to the holy mission of his nation

to dominate mankind, or even to "redeem" distant territory. But played upon by the poet, the historian, the journalist, the orator, the politician, the philosopher, the professor of all kinds, the preacher, he becomes the victim—and instrument—of the theories hatched in the studies. One sometimes wonders, incidentally, in noting the ferocity of these literary and professorial belligerents, whether the sedentary nature of their occupations has not a good deal to do with their belligerency.

It is noteworthy that an authority who has recently devoted especial study to the phenomenon of Nationalism stresses this very point. Professor Carlton Hayes in his *Essays on Nationalism*[1] writes:

> The doctrine of Nationalism was primarily the work of intellectuals—of scholars and litterateurs. . . . The middle classes took to it first. Especially from the upper middle class came its staunchest disciples and apostles, and naturally so. . . . In Europe throughout the nineteenth century and in America latterly they were usually trained in colleges and universities where nationalist professors through lectures and personal contacts exercised an enormous influence. . . . If we were to review the actual course of nationalism in any European country in the nineteenth century we would be struck by the early prominence of professors, lawyers, physicians, merchants and bankers.

If one examines any of the typical cases of mass error such as those dealt with in this book—the political folly of the Crimean War, the absurdities of

[1] Professor Hayes goes on to make an interesting analysis of this relation between Nationalism and the upper classes with which I am not just now concerned to deal, limiting my present purpose to a statement of certain facts of public opinion, without for the moment considering their cause.

American Anglophobia, the atrocities of Negrophobia, the wrong-headedness of the Dreyfus affair, the "Germanic superman" nonsense of pre-war Prussianism, the silliness of post-war reparations demands—one finds the greatest lights of literature at one with the mass. Here one sees a Kingsley or a Tennyson lauding the spirit which drew England into the Crimean War, pouring contempt and scorn upon those who would have stayed her hand; there the lights of French literature ranged on the side of the military power against the civil authority in the Dreyfus affair; elsewhere a Treitschke voicing Germanic world domination; or a Swinburne or a Kipling becoming the poet and literary protagonist of some of the most doubtful forms of later British Imperialism, as we find a d'Annunzio the protagonist of the most mischievous of Italian political tendencies.

It is no part of my argument, of course, to imply that no educated people were included among those, in the sum-total happily a very large number both in Europe and America, who spoke and wrote against the follies of the war-time settlement. My point is that the educated class showed no larger proportion of such than the "uneducated": the universities, the clubs, the churches were not more immune from the contagion of unreason than any average trade union or Odd Fellows' society. If that be true—and no one with knowledge of the ground would deny it—of what avail was the learning in this particular trouble?

There were two items of policy at that time deeply marked by this refusal to face the self-evident. The first was the parallel demand that Germany should be made to pay these vast indemnities *and* be prevented

from increasing her competition in foreign trade. It is not necessary to have read a line of technical economics to realize that these are mutually exclusive demands. How shall Germany get this money we demand, except by selling goods?

Here is an assembly of French academicians, senators and writers discussing Reparations. They are agreed on two things: (1) Germany shall restore the devastation of France; (2) Germany shall not be permitted to export to France anything whatsoever—she shall restore by "money." M. Tardieu—cultivated, widely read, educated—writes to this effect to *The Times*: "We cannot accept the risk of German industrial revival, *therefore* we must compel her to pay mountainous indemnities." And it is evident on its face that Germany can only pay mountainous indemnities if she is industrially developed.

If only M. Tardieu were unlearned, he would see, as, for instance, an untutored savage would see immediately, that a group of persons could not go on delivering you wealth (goods or services, that is) if you forbade them to make goods or perform services; or that you could not receive them if you refused to receive them. But being learned and literary, full of wonderful ideas about nationality and the spirit of history and group-consciousness, it is impossible to convince him that if you don't receive goods, you don't receive them.

But the second item of policy, common at that time, was still more striking as illustrating our refusal to face self-evident truth for fear that we might be deprived of our emotional satisfactions. This item was the demand for the punishment of "Germany" as a

single, consciously guilty "person"; wrong, and aware that "she" was wrong. Great lights of literature in America, Britain, France lent the weight of their names to the support of the policy of securing from Germany a formal written admission of "her" guilty responsibility for the War, and the consequent justice of a severely punitive peace, the punishment, that is to say, of seventy millions of men, women and children who did not choose their political allegiance; who make part of the German State for the same reason that we make part of the British; who had very little control over their Government (it was largely because they were not a democracy that we were fighting them); and who, in a few years' time, would be made up mainly of people who were children when Belgium was invaded. Yet all, peasants and aristocrats, Catholics and Protestants, Socialists and Junkers, would fittingly be punished in the "person" of Germany.

That we had thus taken a convenient figure of speech, a symbol, and made of it in our minds a reality, as though in fact there were a person named Germany, whom we could dislike or like, praise or blame, capable of catching a cold in its head and being cured (we were always saying that we could not bring "her" into the League of Nations because "she" had not repented; with what organ does a federative republic repent?); that we had set up this fiction in order to be able to indulge our passion of retaliation, was just as little seen by the literate as by the unlearned. Indeed, the "effigies" which Nationalism has set up are rather in a special sense the creation of the literary minded. If, to one of these literary folk, one were to put the ques-

tion "Don't you loathe people who live in odd-numbered houses?" he would, of course, retort that you could not make an entity or personality of such a category; that all sorts of people, opposites, wicked and good, humane and cruel, lived therein, and that consequently you could not attach like or dislike to them all. But is that less true of the millions who inhabit the area we call "Germany"? Indeed, many, as we know, profess to see into the secrets of "her" heart and to know that "her" pretended repentance is no repentance, and know perfectly well what "she" will do half a century hence. Thus Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the author, writes to the *Daily Mail*:[1]

> . . . Germany, in her so-called "changed heart," hates us as never before. But for us her greed and bestial blood-lust for power would have triumphed. She at least will not forget. She will set to work, first to capture trade and to build up wealth and power economically, and to foment disunion among the Allies—possibly to entice and to bribe the teeming millions of Russia and of the colored races to become her thralls. Then, "when her hour comes, she will strike" . . . when I am in my grave—unless Britain set herself to remember—Britain will have cause to weep that Britons forgot.

Mr. Kernahan knows what Germany will do when he is dead, but if you were to ask him what his own country will do next year at the general election, he could not tell you to save his immortal soul.

As little did the educated classes, or our moral leaders, seem to react against an amazing ethical

[1] In the same way a correspondent writes to the same paper (April 22, 1919), to "warn" Englishmen against the "kindness" shown by Germans. It is all their artfulness. He knows.

fallacy which was current at the period of the settlement as justifying the terms of peace. Whenever at the time of the peace-making, or indeed until about 1922, one pointed out the one-sidedness and injustice of certain elements in the Versailles settlement, the retort which was taken as so conclusive as to close the discussion was this: "That is the sort of thing Germany would have done if *she* had won." This was regarded popularly as the complete and final answer to any criticism of our policy.

Let us examine it. The policy of Germany towards other nations, the conduct of German rulers and officers, made Germany an enemy of civilization and caused the wrath of God to descend upon her. That fact—the fact that the wrath of God had descended upon Germany—contained for Britain a great lesson. What is that lesson? We were told it was this: that we should imitate German policy, adopt German conduct as our own. And the reason France was right a little later was that she was acting as Germany would have acted, had Germany won the War. "Above all," says a great newspaper proprietor, with all the emphasis of italics and heavy type—"above all we should ask ourselves how the Germans would have treated France and Britain if they had won the War."

We should ask ourselves that question presumably for the purpose of avoiding anything resembling the German policy? Not at all. We should ask ourselves what Germany would have done, for the purpose of doing that thing ourselves, as our means of preserving peace. Again, this is an extremely simple issue; right conclusions concerning it demand no special knowledge, nothing that is not within the grasp of all of us. Yet

learning did not save our educated classes from falling into the trap with the rest.[1]

The way in which learning, academic authority, was sometimes doing its bit towards the one supreme moral need of the time—the preservation of sanity and balance—may be gathered by a specimen or two of its output. Here is a Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Indiana telling us in a long article in the *New York Times* ("published by the special request of the National Security League") how we may detect traitors among our apparently innocent neighbors. That apparent innocence should not deceive us; if they "react" to the test which he describes, they are traitors and "should meet a traitor's fate." He proceeds to tell us how we may know them:

> They pride themselves on calmness of judgment and warn us against "hysteria" as the deadliest sin of the age. Heat of feeling, and force of language in connection with the Germans' taking hostages, or putting women and children in the front line of their advance so that the enemy should have to shoot down their own wives and babies, is "hysteria," according to them.
>
> The arguments and assertions of this class all go back

[1] Some soldiers saw this point before the *literati*. Among the signatories of the treaty General Smuts was the first to repudiate it. And General Sir Ian Hamilton spoke, let us hope, for many of his colleagues when he wrote: "Fatal Versailles! Not a line—not one line in your treaty to show that those boys, our friends who were dead, had been any better than the emperors; not one line to stand for the kindliness of England; not a word to bring back some memory of the generosity of her sons." Which may offset Sir Percy Scott's declaration that "the whole civilized world" will approve the peace terms and agree "that as liars from the Kaiser downwards they are unparalleled . . . as thieves and wanton destroyers of property they have out-done the savage race of Huns they are descended from . . . they have no honor and the world has been foolish in treating them as a civilized race; they are barbarians."

to a few formulas easy to learn, and easy to detect whenever the war is broached. Once familiar with these formulas and we have an unfailing test of the actual, as well as the potential, traitor; a re-agent, so to speak, which immediately makes known the presence of treason.

The most damning formula of all he tells us is "We should forgive our enemies." Everyone capable of pronouncing that "is an enemy of the United States." It is no use, he tells us, making distinctions such as that between mere pacifists and the pro-Germans. "To waste breath distinguishing between these two reminds one of Dr. Johnson's famous remark upon the futility of discussing precedence in the case of a flea and a louse."

The only safe rule is to regard all of these as unconditional traitors. But what we need more than rules for regarding them is a rule for detecting them. The lair of these craven beasts is everywhere. At one time he is an ex-college president, and again he is an editor. Now he is a minister, now a professor, now a grade teacher. Frequently he is the well-to-do citizen, in business or retired; sometimes the rich widow of a publisher, or a judge. Every community has some of them; known or doubtful suspects they may be termed. Every one of them is the enemy of humanity, and there are three excuses, none of them satisfactory, which can be put forth in behalf of these craven souls: The poor excuse of natural dullness; the poorer excuse of wishing to be absolutely fair, of seeing every side, and so, in the end, taking none; the poorest excuse of all, that, as so many of them still say, of "just not being able to read about the war, it is so terrible." All three are equally foolish and equally to be feared. The point to be remembered is that a fool is always Satan's ready tool. Whatever we do we should never allow the gentle answer of the Secret Americans to turn away our wrath, or their self-assumed cloak of innocence and martyrdom to deceive us. Every one of them is a blubbering sentimentalist or a hypocrite. In

either case they are the comforters of Germany and our enemies.[1]

Not long ago it fell to the lot of the present writer to go through a number of "War books" produced in the early part of the War—British, French, German, American. They deal, of course, with the issues of the War, political and social; with the nature of the enemy's cause, his character and conduct (particularly in atrocities); with nationalism and internationalism; with the value of the small State; with the dangers which threaten civilization and freedom; with the States which in history have shown themselves to be the champions of these things; with the character of Russian, German, French and British civilization, and so on.

Many of the books bear the very greatest names in literature and learning. They all profess to be serious and permanent literature, the application of ripe learning to the most vital problems of life and society, very far removed from the hasty judgments of journalism or of the unlettered and inexpert. Not one of the books is twenty years old.

Of quite a large proportion of them one would say that the authors would certainly be extremely embarrassed if they were to-day confronted with the judgments that they passed only a decade ago. This does not merely refer to German professors or divines who were signatories of famous manifestoes; it refers equally to British and French writers about Czarist Russia and its character and policy; to French analysis of British policy, and British of French; to works dealing with the relative advantages of complete and incom-

[1] Professor Alfred M. Brooks. *New York Times*, April 7, 1918.

plete victory; to treatises and pamphlets upon self-determination, democracy, and militarism; to what American authors wrote as neutrals touching the new project of a League of Nations.

The startling result of the survey prompted a comparison over a somewhat wider space of time, and an examination of the judgments delivered twenty, thirty, or forty years ago by French learning upon such things as British character and policy, and by British on German character and policy, and the relative merits of French and German influence in the world.

The reader can, of course, guess the result of such a comparison. It is not only that in 1915, on certain matters of historical fact, German learning pronounces one judgment and British and French learning a flatly contradictory one, but the British learning—in the sense of the British writers of academic authority—in 1915 contradicts British learning of 1870 or 1890 as flatly as French judgment of 1915 does that of twenty years ago.[1] Sometimes the contradictions are expressed by the same person.

During America's year of military co-operation with Britain there was a movement in the American academic world for the revision of American school histories. For generations, presumably, American historians had not been telling the truth. Why was it left, then, until the particular year of 1917 to appoint committees to deal

[1] Not usually, however, with the *naïveté* of Sir (then Mr.) Edmund Gosse, who, lecturing in 1916 on "the great changes that are to follow the War—an intellectual entente between this country and France"—said:

"We for our part shall make no further mental excursions beyond the Rhine. I have worshipped my Goethe and Heine, but I have no wish to open one volume of their works ever again." (Reported in the *Westminster Gazette,* November 30, 1916.)

with so grave an educational fact? But in 1917 several American writers show quite clearly that the anti-British coloring of American history had been due to German intrigue. So some text-books were actually altered, while others were withdrawn from use. This was in 1918. In 1920 I find reports in a Philadelphia newspaper of a movement for *altering back* the histories—a sudden discovery, again synchronizing with a change in the popular attitude, that the historians were telling the truth after all.[1]

[1] Two years ago the Senate of the State of New York passed, by a vote of 35 to 9, a measure entitled the Higgins Patriotic Text-Book Bill. This bill laid down minute requirements for educational boards regarding history text-books which might be used in the State schools. Any book which "fails to emphasize the scope of the victory of the United States in any of its wars" was to be banned. The Higgins Bill did not make direct mention of the British in its text, but it mentioned "acts of oppression" charged in the Declaration of Independence. No book would be permitted to be used if (among other things)

(1) it falsifies, distorts, doubts, or denies the acts of oppression recited in the Declaration of Independence;

(2) it fails, in dealing with the period, to refer in the text to the principal acts of oppression as set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

Finally, any book which "belittles, ridicules, doubts or denies, or which, if a text-book dealing with the Revolutionary period, omits to mention the services and sacrifices of American patriots by which national independence was won, or which emphasizes or enlarges upon the possible human failings or shortcomings of such patriots without giving at least equal prominence to their virtues and merits," would be barred from the public schools. This measure failed to secure a passage through the lower chamber of the New York State Legislature; but the fact that it could obtain a huge majority in the Senate of the leading Eastern State is significant.

In Chicago a campaign has recently been waged by a group of women called the Illinois Society of the Daughters of 1812, whose object it is to combat the propaganda which they allege is being put forward in order to "lessen the heroic measure of the men who have made history for the United States." The aim of the society is to bring pressure upon the superintendents of schools to purge the schools of all history books which in any way

The process is deliciously epitomized in the astounding incident to which Professor Chafee, of Harvard University, has called attention.[1] Soon after American entrance into the War a moving-picture producer was sentenced to ten years in prison for a film about the American Revolution which depicted British soldiers, disguised as Indians, bayoneting women and children in the Wyoming massacre, because, the judge said, it might "make us a little bit slack in our loyalty to Great Britain." Mr. Griffith's film, "America," produced with the help of soldiers lent by the American Government, shows British soldiers, disguised as Indians, bayoneting women and children in the Wyoming massacre.

It is true that the writers of film plots are not historians, academic lights. But one does not see why the historians should not become film-plot writers, so well do standard histories fit the national mood. It is obvious that the English and French school books cannot both be right about the Napoleonic Wars. Read an average English account of the battle of Waterloo and you get a clear statement of quite simple and understandable events; read an average French account and you get an equally clear statement of simple and understandable events. Only the two accounts are in flat contradiction, the one with the other; while the German accounts give still a third version. It is hardly too much to say that nearly all of the existing French and British histories

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reflect on the character of well-known figures in American history. Any book which suggests that the makers of America were human, and subject therefore to human failings, ought in the eyes of these ladies to be rigorously excluded from the schools.

[1] In an address before that university published in *The Next War* (Harvard Alumni Bulletin Press), p. 57.

of the diplomatic and political events which led to the Great War will within a generation be scrapped as utterly untrustworthy.

Presumably, the historians might plead that in war-time at least they are conscribed persons like the rest, and that their science is at the service of the State. Indeed, where does one's duty as a patriot end? If the truth happens to be inconvenient to the cause of one's country, should it be told? If we may ask, with General Mercier, what justice has to do with patriotism, may we not ask in an age of rival propagandas, what impartiality has to do with nationalist history-writing, what truth has to do with war and its politics? "Indifference to truth," writes the author of the article on propaganda in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "is a characteristic of propaganda. Truth is valuable only so far as it is effective." Our propaganda had therefore "the legitimate objects not only of concealing what it was useful to conceal, but of making suggestions which might deceive." And he observes: "The suspicions aroused by an admitted propaganda lessen its effectiveness, from which it follows that much of the work has to be furtive."

The war books of the historians deal with matters of historical fact. When we come to the other writers who treat of such things as the estimate of national character or the relative merits of political or philosophical principles, the instability of judgment is greater still. One finds much American academic writing in 1915 pacifist and internationalist in tone; in 1920 work emanating from the same source has become nationalist, anti-pacifist, militarist.

But we Europeans need not be supercilious, for we

have passed extremely inconvenient judgments on each other's culture. It is European learning which condemns European learning, the while both sides fail to provide any prophylactic against the moral and intellectual errors which menace European civilization.

During the early years of the War, in tracts and books and on recruiting platforms before the lads of our villages, our British professors explained what the German professors stood for: a system of philosophy which repudiated Right and would impose the most appalling of tyrannies; a system which would destroy freedom, virtue, the spiritual life of mankind. The German had challenged all these. His nature was revealed in the burning of great libraries, the wanton destruction of beautiful and ancient buildings. Yet this judgment itself raises fundamental questions as to what "education" does for the maintenance of civilization. For we are obliged to admit that the Prussian system had behind it vast stores of erudition, the advocacy of professors, writers, philosophers, aware not only of their own past and culture, but of ours; learned beyond most in Europe, and, if knowledge could give wisdom at all, able to judge whether this democracy and freedom which (in the view of *our* professors) they desired to destroy was inferior to the system which they would substitute. Our professors, presumably, would agree in this: that the great learning of the German did not make him wise; it left him blind to visible fact. The Englishman would remind us, doubtless, that the aggressive military Chauvinism which grew up in Germany before the War often, indeed, found its forcing-bed in the universities, under the direction of historians, professors, men of letters.

And if literary and academic culture as we know it must take a big share of responsibility for the development of nationalist fanaticisms which now devastate Europe, the failure of learning is hardly less noteworthy in the case of a new fanaticism now added to the old, that of Moscow. The real artisans of the Moscow system, with its terrors, were not the illiterate, but were amazingly learned products of an educational system common to most of Europe.

A similar phenomenon is to be noted when we turn to the war record of those whose special province is moral teaching, the clergy. How comes it that pastors and masters who, by their knowledge of history, are more aware than the busy man of the market-place of the errors into which nations are so very apt to fall, especially in war-time, give normally no warning of those errors?

The history of nearly all war, from the most remote to the most recent, reveals one hackneyed peculiarity. Even when they start on both sides with great professions of "no hate against the enemy people," that attitude undergoes a rapid change as the result of stories of atrocities for which the whole enemy people are held to be responsible. Half a dozen cases, if only of the right degree of obscenity and horror, will suffice to place the enemy people outside the pale, to close our minds, to make impossible any sane and responsible attitude, and any workable peace.[1]

The German pastors who made so much of the

[1] The stupendous political effect of this systematic lying in causing the victor to make a peace certain (unless changed) to precipitate one day the whole process anew, is dealt with in later chapters.

barbarities inflicted by Belgians upon German wounded are merely paraphrasing what Confederate clergymen said of the conduct of the Northern troops, or, for that matter, what the Hebrew priests in the pre-Christian Era said of their enemies. We insisted that German atrocities were something quite special to this War. But during the Boer War, not only was our press full of the treacherous crimes against women and children, but the erstwhile radical and republican Swinburne embodied the accusations in a poem, and "retaliated" by reference to the "whelps and dams of murderous foes." The moral dangers inseparable from the assumption of tribal and collective responsibility, which is implied in the war-time exploitation of atrocities, are as plainly writ in the history of every war as is the fact of the atrocities themselves. The atrocity phenomenon is so invariable that one could, with perfect assurance, on the first day of any war, say exactly what accusations would be made continually by each side against the other.

Now, one would suppose that the mere familiarity which academic education gives with this invariable circumstance of war would secure for those who know something more of history than the man in the street a measure of immunity from the naïve credulity (the belief that only the enemy behaves like that) which alone could make these atrocity stories engender the crude tribal passions which they do; and, further, that those responsible in any way for moral leadership would use their knowledge to warn the people as a whole against falling into the fatal traps which gather about the atrocities of the enemy and his assumed collective responsibility for them. But, in fact, it is ex-

tremely difficult to find any real difference between the moral reaction to atrocities of the bishop who comes from Balliol and that of Mr. Bottomley and his readers. Cultured American divines who have managed during half a century to produce vast quantities of didactic literature without a single reference to the burning alive of Negroes in time of profound peace and in the presence of thousands of "good orderly citizens," blaze instantly into poetic fury at the reported ill-treatment of an American soldier by his German captor. Presumably the divine (I have in mind a very popular one, who during the War "specialized" in German atrocities, collecting suitable photographs) has put to himself the question: on which of these two matters, the burning of Negroes and the enemy treatment of prisoners, is the American conscience the more in need of stirring? He would seem to have judged that on the matter of lynching, the treatment of America's own "subject nationality," his nation's conscience is sufficiently awake, and that where national feeling needed stimulus was in condemnation of the enemy.

These moods of revolt against rational restraint of conduct—for that is what it amounts to—in all cases seem to be marked by curious similarities of argument. Previous to a war, we always hear a great deal—particularly from religious teachers—of the virtues of war as a moral tonic, as a corrective of sloth, luxury, self-indulgence. The list of those who, in the years 1900 to 1914, invoked the moral advantages of war is an astonishing one.[1] I sometimes wonder if these

[1] "We were all tranquilly feeding, good as gold, in the deep and pleasant meadows of the long Victorian peace when from some of the frailest animals in the pasture there rose a plaintive bleat for war. It was the very lambs that began it. 'Shall we

teachers ever, after a war, read the sermons, articles, lectures, books put forth before a war on its spiritual and moral advantages. No one, as far as I know, has written a single book or delivered a single sermon since the War to point out how far the War has justified this pre-war philosophy. We have had a flood of exhortation in the opposite sense. Not a day passes but we are reminded of the increase of crime, the growth of sensualism, luxury, which marks the post-

never have carnage?' Stevenson, the consumptive, sighed to a friend. Henley, the cripple, wrote a longing 'Song of the Sword.' Out of the weak came forth violence. Bookish men began to hug the belief that they had lost their way in life; they felt that they were Neys or Nelsons *manqués,* or cavalry leaders lost to the world. 'If I had been born a corsair or a pirate,' thought Mr. Tappertit, musing among the ninepins, 'I should have been all right.' Fragile dons became connoisseurs, *faute de mieux,* of prize-fighting; they talked, nineteen to the dozen, about the still, strong man and 'straight-flung words and few,' adored 'naked force,' averred they were not cotton-spinners all, and deplored the cankers of a quiet world and a long peace. Some of them entered quite hotly, if not always expertly, into the joys and sorrows of what they called 'Tommies,' and chafed at the many rumored refusals of British inn-keepers to serve them, little knowing that only by these great acts of renunciation on the part of licensees has many a gallant private been saved from falling into that morgue an 'officer house,' and having his beer congealed in the glass by the refrigerative company of colonels. . . .

"The father and mother of this virilistic movement among the well-read were Mr. Andrew Lang, the most donnish of wits, and one of the wittiest. . . . A nursling of Lang's was the wittier Kipling, then a studious youth exuding Border ballads and Bret Harte from every pore, but certified to carry about him, on paper, the proper smell of blood and tobacco. . . . Deep answered unto deep. In Germany, too, the pibrochs of the professors were rending the skies, and poets of C4 medical grade were tearing the mask from the hideous face of peace. The din throughout the bookish parts of Central and Western Europe suggested to an irreverent mind a stage with a quaint figure of some short-sighted pedagogue of tradition coming upon it, round-shouldered, curly-toed, print-fed, physically inept, to play the part of the war-horse in Job, swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage, and 'saying among the trumpets "Ha, ha!"'"—C. E. Montague, in *Disenchantment* (Chatto & Windus), pp. 212-214.

war period. And considering that there were certainly some hundreds of publicists—bishops, professors, journalists, generals, admirals—all telling us what a spiritually superior place Britain [1] would be after the War it is really to be regretted that these same people do not disinter some of these pre-war exhortations and examine them in the light of the prevailing moral conditions.

In what has been written above, I have assumed, of course, that the contributions made by the clergy (as by others, for that matter) to the public mind of war-time are made sincerely. If we are to assume that the churches and the *literati* are lending themselves to the national propaganda maintained for war purposes, then, indeed, "there are no words." The Reverend G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, who was a famous military chaplain during the War, writes:[2]

> On the efficiency of the propaganda department everything else depends. At a moment's notice, every "civilized" nation must be ready with projectors to let loose upon the people clouds of poisonous lies. . . .
>
> They must be made to weep with slush and sentiment that they may not see, to choke with indignation and to cringe with fear, that they may not think. Strong but subtle irritants to stir them to hatred must be invented.
>
> Years afterwards the truth may come out, but the lies have served their purpose and people soon forget. They will be just as ready to believe that Russians torture women

[1] Or America, as the case may be. One sample, from a Harvard professor, will suffice: "A victorious year may bring to a nation complete regeneration—the moral energies awake; vice is repressed; life is protected; education flourishes . . . temperance and self-discipline prevail; family life can expand in the new abundance. . . ." *The War and America* (1914) p 195, by Hugo Münsterberg.

[2] *John Bull*, November 14, 1925.

as they were to believe that Germans melted down their dead for glycerine, if Russia should happen to be the enemy.

It must not be supposed that all this is done deliberately and out of cynical wickedness. If it were, it would be easy to cope with it. . . .

The knowledge that it is for the country's sake obliterates the distinction between truth and falsehood. Therein lies the horror of nationalist passion; it has the power of turning good into evil, evil into good. All is grist that comes to its mill. . . . A filthy joke or a splendid poem, it does not matter which, so long as they win the War. "*Kamerad!* I have a wife and four children; kill the b——, he might have four more"—(loud laughter)—or "Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free," one is as good as the other.

Good is not good, evil is not evil; it is all the same. God Himself is as dead as mutton unless He can help to win the War.

Speaking of Armistice Day celebrations Mr. Studdert-Kennedy has a passage which is particularly notable:

Armistice Day can be taken over by the subconscious gas factory, and made into a projector of subtle poison for the people's minds. There are thousands of people who assume without thought that its proper use is to strengthen the nationalist passion. They assume that the "Glorious Dead" are all British, or at most the dead of the Allied Nations, and that the armies are still drawn up face to face in Paradise. . . .

Who are the glorious dead? If the glorious dead in whose memory we bow our heads in silence on November 11th include that great unnumbered, and wellnigh innumerable, host of all nations who fell in the brutal, bloody shambles caused by an outbreak of madness all over the world between 1914-1918, and we bow our heads in honor of their gallantry and in sorrow and shame for the crude and filthy theatre that sin provided for its display, then Armistice Day may be a blessing.

But if the Father's House in which there are many mansions is supposed to have special accommodation reserved for the glorious Allies, and a notice posted up—Germans and Austrians not allowed, and Russians only admitted on oath of loyalty to the Czar, and on condition of an undertaking to pay their debts—then Armistice Day becomes a department of the poison gas and glory factory in preparation for the next war.

If the Princes of the Church had spoken thus during the War we should not have "lost the peace." For, if it was the soldier's job to win the war, it was the civilian's to win the peace; to see that the old follies which have cursed most victorious settlements should not curse this; that victory, brought to him at such cost by the soldier, should not be used for indulging passion, for merely shifting the evils which had produced the war from one side of the frontier to the other. In such a situation one felt some justification for hoping that the calm of academic or ecclesiastic seclusion would have helped towards wisdom; that the church and the college between them might have kept the beacons alight so that the harassed multitude should not lose its way, forgetting the purpose of it all.

III.

WAS IT BETTER WHEN WE WERE "GOVERNED BY GENTLEMEN"?

This failure of education as we know it, the fact that the Fellows of the Royal Society would seem to be as much subject to the mob mind as any meeting of

strikers in the East End, has certain striking historical confirmations. We ascribe much of the popular hysteria our generation has known to the influence of an omnipresent popular sensational press; to the "half-education" of Board schools. But these phenomena marked the press of England just as noticeably when a daily paper cost sixpence or eightpence and when newspaper editors had their eyes solely on the clubman and the university graduate, when papers were produced "by gentlemen for gentlemen." This fact is brought out clearly in Mr. Kingsley Martin's study of public opinion in England during the period immediately preceding the Crimean War (*The Triumph of Lord Palmerston*).

Let us recall what happened over the Crimean War. In 1852 all who mattered in England were agreed it would be an outrageous absurdity to fight Russia for the purpose of upholding Turkey. Even indeed, at a much later date everybody admitted that Russia was prepared to concede everything essential and that the difficulties arose really from the obstinacy of Turkey. Everyone admitted, moreover, that as between these two foreign tyrants, Turkey was immeasurably the worse. Further, it was believed that the Government of Louis Napoleon was not one that deserved support, and the French danger might at any moment become a very great one. (Palmerston himself at that date wrote: "It is wretched nonsense to imagine that the French do not contemplate an invasion of England.") It was not too much to say that at this date—1852—Napoleon was execrated by almost every section of political opinion.

Very well, by 1854, everybody who mattered—not merely popularity-hunting statesmen, commercial-

minded newspaper owners, or the pot-house politicians, but the "intellectual aristocracy," including men like Kingsley, Tennyson, Martinau, Maurice—had entirely changed these notions, completely reversed them. To fight Russia had become a solemn obligation of honor; a war for Turkey would be a war for democracy and freedom, right and justice, the liberties of Europe and the protection of the oppressed. The Turks were extremely fine fellows; described by one public speaker (quoted by Mr. Martin) as "among the most enlightened of European nations," while the Russians were cunning, hateful, cruel, malicious oppressors. France had become "our faithful Ally," and Louis Napoleon a great Liberal statesman.

What had happened to bring about this marvellous change? What new facts, of a nature to make a man like Kingsley of one opinion in 1853 and of a diametrically opposed one in 1854, had been revealed? There were no new facts. Nothing had happened, except a certain metamorphosis in that elusive thing, public temper, which Palmerston partly followed, partly led, using newspapers pretty much as, at a later date, in other wars, they were used by certain of his successors. Put bluntly, there was, even in the terms of the old diplomatic values, no earthly need to go to war. The final breakdown of negotiations was not due to any real disagreement. "There was no deadlock," Mr. Martin points out.

> No vital question had arisen which diplomacy could not have settled if the temper of earlier discussions had been preserved. There was no immediate danger to the British Empire; at first sight, no reason appears why war should have been declared in March, 1854, rather than at almost

any other moment during the preceding nine months. Further, the war itself did not bring its object any more clearly into light, for, as Mr. Strachey says, "Its end seemed as difficult to account for as its beginning."

The truth is, as Lord Aberdeen declared, the public was in the mood for war and had to have it. In a speech in the House of Lords he said: "We have been so long without having experienced the horrors and miseries of war, that it is but too common to look upon it now as a source of pleasurable excitement: and I verily believe that if, by the blessing of God and our endeavors, we should still be enabled to preserve peace, a very great disappointment will ensue in some quarters."

How did this mood arise?

It was not entirely the work of newspapers, whether "wangled" by Lord Palmerston or not. At the period *The Times* was, without any sort of question, the most powerful of all the newspapers. Mr. Martin writes:

> Delane was confronted with the oldest[1] problem of democracy: was he to give the public what it wanted, or what he believed to be good for it? If the latter, was the whole influence of *The Times* to be sacrificed by the persistent advocacy of a view which the country would not accept? . . . The editor, in the last resort, was forced

[1] Old, indeed! Twenty-five hundred years ago Socrates, facing his judges and trying to explain why he had never taken public office, said: "I was too honest a man to be a politician and live. . . . I am certain, O men of Athens, that if I had engaged in politics I should have perished long ago, and done no good either to you or to myself. . . . The truth is that no man who goes to war with you, or any other multitude, honestly striving against the many lawless and unrighteous deeds which are done in a State, will save his life. He who would fight for the right, if he would live even for a brief space, must be a private statesman and not a public one." (Jowett's translation of *The Four Socratic Dialogues of Plato,* p. 77; Clarendon Press.)

to choose between the ideal he had set himself and the retention of his influence by compromise.

So Delane in 1853, with a fear of Napoleon and a contempt for the Turk, an affection for Aberdeen and an abhorrence of Palmerston's policy, gradually found himself favoring an alliance with Napoleon whom he continued to distrust, advocating a war on behalf of Turkey, which he still believed to be the headquarters of "barbarism," increasingly diverging from Aberdeen and finally taking a principal part in overthrowing him in favor of the popular hero, Lord Palmerston. Some part of this reversal of position was due, no doubt, to a considered change of opinion, but no one who reads the story of 1853 can fail to see that it was the public which led and *The Times* which followed. Delane, like other conscientious men, first hesitated, then compromised, and finally retained his peace of mind by a whole-hearted conversion.

This passage would serve to describe accurately enough that process of change in editors, clergymen, teachers, statesmen, and the ruling class generally, which every war in every country can be depended upon to bring about. Newspapers and statesmen live by reflecting public opinion (in war-time, it is correct to speak of "public opinion" and not of the opinions held by the public). They must reflect it particularly, of course, when it becomes passionate—which usually means blind and unbalanced—or go under, at least for a time. Few of them like going under, even for a time. Most of these leaders of opinion would never have professed the opinions that they did, or, in the case of the statesmen, followed the policies which they did, if the public had not imposed that particular line.

But if the public did not get its opinion from its newspaper, its teachers, its leaders, whence did it get that opinion?

Mr. Martin does not answer that question. He confines himself to giving the historical facts of the development of public opinion preceding the war, and leaves it to his readers to form their own conclusions as to why public opinion developed in just that way. He shows clearly that the newspapers often followed rather than led; that editors often "knew better"—realized how very wrong-headed the public was. Most members of the Cabinet were in like case and pursued a bellicose policy, knowing it to be dangerous, because it was the least that the public would accept. But, again, if the public did not get this bellicosity from the Government and the newspaper, where did they get it? Mr. Martin speaks of the "popular images," of the pictures in the mind of the shop-keepers and evangelical maiden ladies and stolid artisans, "proffering their lives and money in the service of the obese little tyrant in a fez, whose name they could not pronounce, and whose habits of life were as unknown to them as those of a prehistoric monster." Their picture, he says, was a mistaken one, "built up from past associations." But this is surely inadequate. "Past associations" could just as easily have made the Turk the familiar heathen, instead of the heroic defender of political liberty and religious toleration. As a matter of fact the public discarded the familiar pictures for the purpose of making new ones: as it made new pictures not alone of the Sultan, but of Louis Napoleon: as, at a later date, we made new pictures of the Huns who, but a generation ago were the cousins from whom we got our royal family, and our Reformation and much else. What causes the pictures to be changed?

It is as near as we can get to the bottom of the

matter, perhaps, to say that we choose our pictures to suit our changing mood, as at one moment a man will choose to find deadly offense in the remark of a friend which in another mood would be passed over without attention; or will burst into a fatal and murderous quarrel, not because the external facts demand it, but because fatigue, or nervous irritability, for instance, prompt it. After the last War the public was quite unmoved by things which before the War would have had a tremendous and explosive effect. The public had become emotionally tired. Sensationalism produced no sensation. The organism no longer reacted to the stimulus which previously would have excited it. It wanted a rest.

But in 1850 it happened to have had a long rest, and its mood was rather the reverse of 1920.

A remark of Aberdeen, quoted above, comes nearest perhaps to giving a key explanation. The public mood was one which demanded excitement in its politics, which had become dull, a whole generation having been free from first class war. The Industrial Revolution had created dense masses who discussed politics as a recreation. The national temper had become of vanity owing to the memories of the victories over Napoleon and the unquestioned commercial primacy of England. The resulting Chauvinism had for a year or two been irritated by incidents like the Don Pacifico matter and the presence of foreigners at the Court. Palmerston exploited all this shamelessly, became the popular, John Bullish minister: "good old Pam": realized the value of the press, and used it by personal influence on editors and reporters. He made the Cabinet hostility to him a means of securing popular championship as against

the rather cold and aloof Aberdeen on the one side and the unco good commercial Quakers on the other. Two or three motives combined to make all this dangerous: the populace feared to be deprived of a glorious football game represented by a short, victorious, profitable war, this being strengthened by a dim, unavowed avarice, the feeling that if Russia seized Constantinople Great Britain would in some way be done out of her share in the spoils of the partition of Turkey. Just because this motive could not be avowed, there took place that "sublimation" with which the psychologists are familiar: economic considerations were held to be contemptible. The Sultan, in this case, took the place of Belgium. He had become the upholder of European democracy and political and religious freedom, and the war was for "God's purpose" and would regenerate the nation after "the long, long canker of peace."

Looking back at it, the very worst feature of the whole thing, the most disturbing, is that which makes it possible for men of real moral and intellectual value to subscribe to that farrago of rubbish which made Turkey the embodiment of right and justice—in which all sense of proportion, all sane values are lost in a pugnacious and raucous din. Here surely was an occasion when the Puritan stubbornness, often so mischievous and cruel, might have performed a great social purpose. Where were the moralists (outside the Society of Friends) who, standing by the deep conviction of a lifetime, were ready in the face of the popular clamor to declare that "one and God made a majority"? Mr. Martin tells us that the very Peace Society itself skedaddled like the rest. And so, because leaders, who should be the servants, were set upon, pandering rather

than serving, the people as a whole became set upon war at all costs, violently angry with any miserable pacifist who should attempt to deprive them of their entertainment, lynching politically and socially the statesman, teacher, minister of God who showed any disposition to do his plainest duty. And the vast majority of the editors, teachers, statesmen, bishops, poets, men of letters, as on later occasions, joined in the hue and cry, shouting raucously things which yesterday they denied, and will deny again tomorrow when once more truth has become the safe and easy thing to tell.

IV.

ANGLOPHOBIA AS AN EXHIBIT

On December 17, 1895, when no one suspected that any major question divided the British and American peoples, and relations were, so far as one could judge, friendly and peaceful, President Cleveland, without warning or previous correspondence, sent Great Britain what was in diplomatic form an ultimatum about the Venezuelan frontier dispute: Britain was commanded immediately to settle the frontier discussion (which had cropped up from time to time, to the complete indifference of the public, for many years) by methods laid down by the United States. The message asserted that the attitude of Great Britain menaced the "peace and safety" of the United States and "the integrity of our free institutions." Dec. 21 the House unanimously passed the resolution Mr. Cleveland had requested, creating a commission to trace the boundary and ap-

propriating $100,000 for its expenses. Dec. 22 the resolution passed the Senate and was signed in the White House. The message was read in schools. Old soldiers asked where they could enroll. It was impossible to get ten signatures to call a peace meeting of the New York State Chamber of Commerce. Wall Street, in a crash of falling values, was all for war.

It may aid in explaining the madness of that brief and far-off day to quote from the press: The *Sun* urged our State Department to seek allies and "assured to us the co-operation of the French and Russian Navies in the event of war," so that "some at least" of the expected naval battles might be "fought in the British Channel and the Irish Sea." The *Times*, referring to the few Chamber of Commerce pacifists, said:

> Under the teachings of these bloodless Philistines, these patriots of the ticker, if they were heeded, American civilization would degenerate to the level of the Digger Indians who eat dirt all their lives and appear to like it. We should become a Nation of hucksters, flabby in spirit, flabby in muscle, flabby in principle and devoid of honor.

The *Tribune* said that "the message will not be welcome to the peace-at-any-price cuckoos who have been clamoring that the Monroe Doctrine is a myth and that we have no business to meddle with affairs between Great Britain and Venezuela."

Yet this matter, which raised such violent passions in the American public ceased to interest them as suddenly as it had excited them. The Venezuela boundary dispute dropped utterly out of sight during eight years of peaceful negotiations; and when in 1904 the King of Italy, as arbitrator, fixed the boundary, practically no one in either country knew or cared; while

in the territory in dispute probably not ten white men were in the least incommoded.

The effect of this sudden up-flaring of anti-English passion upon the mind of an English boy (who, having emigrated to America, was expecting to become an American citizen) then living in its midst, is revealed in the following papers, published at the time in an obscure California review. This writer was that boy.

(i)

San Francisco, January 1896.

It is becoming quite evident that we must fight England: that the doom has sounded for either the British Empire or the American Republic. The gods, watching this conflict, have turned their thumbs down. The conclusion can no longer be resisted, unless all our honored guides, our statesmen, our newspapers, our reviews, our preachers, have become quite untrustworthy. For weeks now—ever since December 17th, to be exact, for most of us were in blissful ignorance of this terrible alternative on December 16th—they have all been insisting with one voice that we must make England bite the dust, humble her, and break her power. Otherwise, these great United States are done for; their glory will have departed, and we are fit subjects for the slavery which we are assured we shall certainly endure. There can be no doubt about it. To question it is to write oneself down a traitor to his country, an unclean thing. Those unhappy papers or public men (we may rejoice that they are so few) who have taken the unpatriotic line in this matter have been covered with infamy, cast into the outer darkness where reside

Godkin and Pixley, and a few abandoned university professors.

As the full consciousness of a righteous cause gives threefold power to the strongest arm, we may profitably recall the multifarious wrongs that this conflict is to avenge and to redress. Cleveland's ultimatum does not, of course, traverse the whole field of our grievances. Behind the main point of that communication is the story of a century of wrong upon which our public press and our patriotic mentors generally have been enlightening us. I have, during the last month, been a diligent reader (thanks to the facilities of the free library) of a wide range of representative American papers, notably such organs as the *Chronicle*, *Call*, and *Evening Post* of this city, of the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Denver Republican*, the *Omaha Bee*, the *Chicago Interocean*, the *New Orleans Picayune*, the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, the *Washington Post*, and the leading papers of New York, especially the *Sun*. More than that, I have followed for some time with great care the public utterances of such lights as Senator Chandler, Pettigrew, Frye, Cullom, Hawley, and Lodge, to say nothing of a host of generals, admirals, Congressmen, State senators, and preachers, whose recommendations to wade in and disembowel the Britisher form the staple of daily newspaper fare just now. If opinion thus widely indorsed be not fairly representative of America, where are we to look? Moreover, I have supplemented all these sources of information and guidance by personal talks with many fervent patriots, and the net result of it all is that we must fight England because (1) she is a great advocate of the pestilential doctrine of Free Trade; (2) of gold coinage; (3) of a stable

and non-elective Civil Service, a subtle device of tyranny; (4) for the advocacy of these heresies she corrupts our free electorate by the lavish expenditure of "British Gold"; (5) she has more foreign trade than we have, and it must be taken from her by stripping her of her colonies; (6) she is a pirate and land-grabber; (7) her papers speak disrespectfully of the American accent; (8) British tourists are insolent and wear absurd clothes; (9) she gives rise to Anglomaniacs in America, who turn up their trousers, wear knickers and pajamas, part their hair in the middle, take "barths," and are an offence generally to good Americans; (10) she owns too many American securities, which it is time she sacrificed as legitimate spoil of warfare; (11) she corrupts our ambassadors by turning them into "contemptible flunkeys" and Anglomaniacs (*vide* Bayard); (12) she still insolently repudiates (she does everything insolently, and I am quoting the *Call* here) "the doctrines of 1776. She has never acknowledged the principles of freedom of government, government of the people, by the people, for the people. She is ruled at home for the benefit of the land barons, and her colonies are oppressed to pay tribute. She is a standing defiance to human freedom"; (13) she favored the Confederacy (Northern opinion); (14) she did not recognize the Confederacy when she might (Southern opinion); (15) she hates America, and is determined to see her humiliated; (16) we must vindicate the Monroe Doctrine.

This last cause has for the moment overweighed the others, which may be considered as the permanent ones, and I shall consider it separately. I have put down the reasons quite at haphazard—they vary in their rela-

tive importance with the varying temperament of the patriot—but I think I have got them all. I desire to say at once that they are all serious. None is put down with the idea of ridiculing the very genuine sentiment which prompts them. It would be possible in each case to give the authority in some notable pronouncement, but that is hardly necessary. Anyone at all acquainted with the newspaper writing and political talking of the last few weeks will recognize them at a glance. For fear, however, that it should be thought I have done less than justice to the alert patriots, I will quote a few of the statements upon which the foregoing is based:

> This arch-land-grabber has planted her flag on all the scattered islands, and on nearly every spot on earth where it could monopolize or control the strategic advantages of location for its own interests. . . . We cannot look with indifference upon this policy of conscienceless encroachment. . . . If left to herself she will finally dominate Venezuela, and a free republic will be crushed by an overpowering Monarchy. (Senator Cullom, United States Senate.)

> Our alert watchman will meantime keep an eye on our good friends across the Atlantic, especially when, having appropriated Africa, the islands, and even the rocks of the sea, or wherever else force or intrigue may gain a footing, they begin to take an interest, not altogether born of curiosity, or a purely Christian spirit, in this hemisphere. One cannot be so innocent as to believe that the sentiment of relationship or friendship of England to the United States would stand in the way of the settled policy of Great Britain to make Englishmen richer and her power greater, even at our cost. Her unvarying policy is, first and last and always, to advance British interests and retain British supremacy—to retain and add to British wealth. Her purposes are material. Whoever gets in the way of that is the enemy of England, and will be so treated—whether it be the United States, who may be intrigued against and en-

croached upon and even crippled in some time of her distress, or when off guard; or a tribe of black men in Africa in the way of her colonization schemes, who may be safely massacred with machine-guns. (Hon. D. M. Dickinson, ex-Postmaster General, in an address at the Loyal Legion Banquet, Detroit.)

The gold monometallic policy of Great Britain, now in force among all great civilized nations is, I believe, the great enemy of good business throughout the world at this moment. Therefore, it seems to me, if there is any way in which we can strike England's trade or her moneyed interest, it is our clear policy to do so in the interests of silver. (Henry Cabot Lodge, Senate of the United States, April 6, 1895.[1])

In every emergency with which the United States has been confronted the British Government has been our enemy. She is pushing us on every side now. She is trying to straddle the Nicaraguan Canal and to grab the Alaskan gold-fields. Whenever she gets hold of a bit of land, from that time her boundary line is afloat. . . . That is the kind of nation that we are fighting. Look at their fancy drill, the other day, when in five days a powerful squadron was gathered at the stated point; is there no object-lesson for America in that? *I tell you that we must be ready to fight.* Either we will float a dead whale on the ocean or we must say to Great Britain, "Here is where you stop." (Hon. Joseph Hawley, United States Senator, at the Banquet of the Alumni of Hamilton College, New York.)

The growing strength of the British Navy is a menace to the rest of the world. It is intended to be, and as such ought to be crushed. (Reported interview with Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap, U.S.N. [Retired].)

[1] It may be worth while to recall that at this date, 1895-96, the bulk of the Republican party were ardent Free Silverites. It was a year later that Senator Lodge, in common with the entire Republican party, suddenly discovered (the discovery synchronized with the formation of the party platform) that the gold standard was the only possible one.

The object of my lecture tour is to advocate a war with England, with or without cause, in the interests of silver. (Reported interview, Senator Chandler.)

I think we should annex in some way or other all the countries on this hemisphere. War is a good thing. (Senator John B. Wilson, of Washington, in United States Senate.)

He [the British Lion] is a prowler in search of prey, which is land—land anywhere, everywhere—land to convert the present boast of possessing one-third of the earth's surface into one of holding one-half and then two-thirds, land, more land, to extend the tribute to be paid the British Crown indefinitely. (Correspondent, *Springfield Republican.*)

There is no power on the face of the earth that we need fear trouble with except England. (President Capen, Tuft's College.)

Grant, Lord, that we may be quick to resent insults. (Prayer of Blind Chaplain of Senate on the morrow of the Venezuelan Message.)

War with England! Every good American should lay awake nights praying for it. (Ambrose Bierce, *Examiner.*)

The final result of all these irritations about fisheries and boundaries will be that a peremptory order will one day be issued by this country to Great Britain to quit this free soil for ever. (New York *Journal.*)

The overbearing insolence of the tyrant; the greed and lust of the pirate; the prejudice of the ignoramus; the implacable, the everlasting, the hereditary enemy of this free land. (The New York *Sun.*)

A successful war by us against Great Britain would, without doubt, forever sweep monarchal government from this continent, and transform it into a series of powerful

republics "of the people, for the people, and governed and directed by the people." The possessions to the north of us would, if States of our Union, at once leap to the front in population and prosperity, and the mossy manses of the Canadas would be replaced by American homes. The hold of the kingly hand of mail upon the throats of the people beyond the seas would be loosened, and grand strides would be taken in the onward march toward the brotherhood of man, the federation of the world. (The *Los Angeles Times.*)

The foregoing gives a fair idea of the spirit which is now dominating us.[1] Even better evidence than these expressions of mere opinion is the attitude of Congress and the people with regard to Cleveland's Venezuelan Message. They have stood behind him as one man. Party divisions have been swept away. A united nation supports him in an action which Representative the

[1] The temper of the time may perhaps best be brought to mind by certain documents which were not then available to the boy writing these articles. The documents in question were Roosevelt's letters to his friend Lodge, since published. The future President of the United States writes (Dec. 20, 1895): "I am very pleased with the President's, or rather Olney's message. . . . I do hope there will not be any backdown among our people. Let the fight come if it must; I do not care whether our sea coast cities are bombarded or not; we would take Canada."

And again a week later: "I earnestly hope that our people won't weaken in any way on the Venezuelan matter. . . . As for the editors of the *Evening Post* and the *World,* it would give me great pleasure to have them put in prison the minute hostilities began . . . I rather hope the fight will come. The clamour of the peace faction has convinced me that this country needs a war." Again on Jan. 2, 1896, he writes that he is being "rapidly confirmed in the feeling that there ought to be a war."

Mr. Roosevelt's anger at the *World* was due in part probably to the fact that it succeeded in obtaining conciliatory messages urging calmness and common sense from Gladstone, Rosebery, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Lodge, in the Senate, sought to punish the *World* under a statute of 1799 for carrying on "correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government." Nothing came of the Senator's effort.

Hon. Geo. N. Southwick, in his appeal for coast defences, calls a declaration of defiance and of war. That Congress so regarded it is proven by the fact that the Appropriation bill was passed through the House by unanimous consent the very day following the receipt of the President's message. It is only in the presence of a common enemy that Democrats and Republicans thus drop their differences. The public men outside politics who have opposed the President's policy in this matter can be counted on one's fingers, while newspapers which have taken that attitude are still rarer. The sort of treatment which these latter have received at the hands of patriotic Americans may be gathered from the castigation to which the *Sun* has treated Godkin and the New York *Evening Post*. Says the *Sun*:

> People who could stand in ordinary times the dismal egotism and unrelieved snarl and sneer of Godkin's editorial manifestations refused absolutely to tolerate him when he turned his pen to defamation of the American flag and abuse of all that American patriotism holds dearest. The most hardened readers of the *Evening Post* were ashamed to be seen in public places with that sheet in their hands. They felt, not without just cause, that they might be suspected of treason to the United States Government. . . . While the *Evening Post* under Godkin's management was devising and uttering day after day, and week after week, insults more malignant and slanders more infamous against our army, our navy, our flag, and our land.

We know what sort of conduct has merited these reproaches. Godkin has levelled "insults . . . malignant and infamous, against our army, our navy, our flag, and our land," by the infamous suggestion that the army and the navy should not be employed to fight

England "in the interests of silver," nor yet even to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Furthermore, so lost has he been to all patriotic decency as to avow that the British doctrine of Free Trade and a stable civil service are preferable to American Protection and Tammany Hall. This visible preference for the foreigner and his doctrines, the implied slander on American institutions, fully justifies the severe strictures of his neighbor, the *Sun*. Moreover, Godkin's pestiferous advocacy of peace at a time when every patriot's blood is tingling with the distant roll of the war-drums, shuts him out from the sympathy of all true Americans. We may all admit that Peace—in the abstract—is a good thing, and at ordinary times may be praised as the ideal state for civil society. Also it is in keeping with the New Testament. But, as we may see from the attitude of our popular divines just now, no Christian should advocate peace when there is a danger of war, otherwise he is certain to offend patriotic susceptibilities. At times like this one should remember that there is an Old Testament as well as a New, and should choose that body of Holy Script which best accords with the political exigencies of the hour. In most of this peace advocacy, so insolently persisted in when we are all thinking of war, one may see the cloven hoof of the Britisher. Otherwise, why is it that it only proceeds from sources which, like the *Evening Post*, are already but too tainted with Anglomania and British heresies of Free Trade? This connection between British Free Trade and peace advocacy was well sketched the other day by the *Chronicle*, in these terms:

It cannot be expected that any Free Traders will join the Patriotic League. Did anyone ever see an American

Free Trader who was in favor of forts and fleets? . . . If the Free Trader had his way not a fort would be built nor a gun mounted, nor an armed ship set afloat, nor a militant thing done. . . . It would be a sacrilege for him to join such a club as the Patriotic League, and if anyone doubted it he would defend himself by the economic principles of the Sermon on the Mount. . . .But the objects of the Patriotic League can do very well without any help from the Free Trader. There are enough people of all parties in the country, of good red blood, of hard sound sense, and with feet on solid earth . . .[1]

Some patriotic paper—I cannot recall which for the moment, as I have mislaid the cutting—went even farther (justifiably so, doubtless) than the *Chronicle*. It pointed out that as in times past the Cobden Club has lavishly spent money in America for the advocacy of Free Trade, we are justified in assuming that the Briton has also financed these treacherous peace advocates.

This barefaced corruption will, however, avail nothing. There are, as the *Chronicle* says, enough patriots "of good red blood, of hard sense, with feet on solid earth," to defeat the intrigues of Salisbury's agents or the hysteria of those morally morbid invertebrates, who can talk only of peace, when the soul of the nation demands war.

In our just indignation at this perversion of the moral sense we should not be led to lose sight of our aim and object in the humiliation of England. In this spiritual exaltation which this new crusade has pro-

[1] This, too, expressed Roosevelt's view. Writing to Lodge on Dec. 27, 1895, he says: "Thank God I am not a Free Trader. In this country pernicious indulgence in the doctrine of Free Trade seems inevitably to produce fatty degeneration of the moral fibre." (Lodge's "Letters of Theodore Roosevelt.")

voked we are perhaps apt to overlook the more grossly material side of the question. To what degree of moral and material abasement should England be reduced, what definite objects have we placed before us? American patriots are perhaps a little too apt to regard the defeat of England as a worthy object in itself, apart from any advantage that it may bring. When Senator Henry Cabot Lodge declares that "if there is any way in which we can strike England's trade or her moneyed interest it is our clear policy to do so," does he not perhaps overlook somewhat our position here in the West?

What, in reality, is our economic position here in the West with regard to England? I find on inquiry that England buys of us more than all the other countries of the world put together. Now, that is a considerable fact. If we follow Senator Lodge's advice and destroy her as an economic factor in the world her capacity to buy from us vanishes, and, since the West, being mainly agricultural, is compelled, and will be compelled for many years, perhaps for generations, to sell her products abroad, we should be in a sorry posture if half that market were taken from us. One may say without exaggeration that whole States in the West owe their prosperity to the British market. It is for us a richer gold-mine than all the bonanzas that were ever discovered; the amount of money that we get from England is many times greater than the amount that we get from the mines of California, Nevada and Colorado. Can we afford to lose that market? Our farmers are none too well off as it is (nearly 90 per cent. of the farms in this State are mortgaged in one form or another), and deliberately to destroy the prosperity

of such a customer—and that, of course, would be Senator Lodge's object—would bring many of us, the majority of us, to ruin. I know it is said that our own merchants would get the trade which England now has, and that in consequence our markets would expand in another direction. But if the Protectionists are right that is not possible. They have always told us that our tariff is necesary in order to compete with European pauper labor, and that because our labor is not so cheap we cannot produce things so cheaply. England's foreign market would therefore go to the cheap labor countries of Europe, and not to us.

But we should lose a great deal more than the English market by taking the advice of Senators Lodge and Hawley. Senator Hawley invites us to "look at the map of India" if we would see the sort of nation that we are facing, and infers that it would be to our immense advantage if England were turned out of most of her vast possessions. A leading article in the *Call*, the other day, supported this view, saying that if we could help our good friend Russia into India we should have struck a great blow for silver and for the "liberation of the world from the British yoke." Yet what would be the result of helping Russia to India? It would be this: that we should lose a market which at present is open to us on exactly the same terms that it is to Englishmen. Great Britain does not claim for her citizens in India a single commercial advantage that she does not as freely accord to us. Now we know perfectly well that no other nation would adopt this policy. If France or Russia owned India the first thing those countries would do would be to differentiate by tariffs in favor of their own citizens as against the rest

of the world. And we should find the market by means of preferential tariffs monopolized by the paramount power. And India is not the only country in which this would take place. The British Empire includes forty separate colonies, embracing about one-fourth of the population of the globe. At present in those countries we have equal rights, commercially, with Englishmen. England claims no advantage in them which she does not as freely accord to us. The moment those colonies passed under the sway of some other Power, as Senators Lodge, Cullom, Hawley, Morgan, Frye, Wilson, Pettigrew, and patriotic statesmen, admirals, generals, and newspaper editors would seem to desire that they should, we would find the doors of a huge market-place banged in our faces by reason of a preferential treatment in favor of other nations. It is not here a question of opinion but of fact. It may be that I run the risk of being accused of placing "pocket before patriotism," but I take it that there is a patriotism also which seeks that policy best calculated to advance the prosperity and well-being of one's fellow-countrymen. Desirable as it is to destroy one's enemies and to humiliate them, the satisfaction should not be too expensive a one.

Even patriotism does not excuse a mis-statement of fact; or rather should I say that it will not save us from the consequences of such mis-statement. And it is to be feared just now that the patriots do misstate the facts almost invariably in this connection. David Wells, who will be allowed a certain authority in this matter, stated in the *North American Review* the other day that of all the grounds of American grievance against England the one which was more

potential than the aggregate influences of all other causes whatsoever,

and which is accepted and endorsed as in the nature of a rightful international grievance by nearly every member of our national or state legislatures, and by nearly every newspaper or magazine in the country . . . is the assumption that the governmental and commercial policy of England is characterized by no other principle save to monopolize through arbitrary, selfish and unjust measures everything on the earth's surface that can glorify herself and promote the interests of her own insular population, to the detriment of all other nations and peoples; and that it is the bounden duty of the people and Government of the United States, in behalf of popular liberty, civilization and Christianity, to put an end to the further continuance of such a policy, even if a resort to war would be necessary to effect it.

And yet, universal as this belief is in patriotic American minds, it is as certain as anything can be that it amounts to a flat contradiction of all the facts of the case. It is not possible to cite one single instance where Great Britain maintains a monopoly for her people as against the rest of the world in all the immense territory over which she holds sway. More than that, it has been well said that it is impossible to cite any such similar instance of commercial liberality in the world's history. In no other case is it possible to point to the case of a great and strong government, coming into indisputable possession and control of a great area of the earth's surface abounding with almost illimitable elements of natural wealth and consequent vast opportunities for exclusive trade commerce, and the collection of revenue, saying freely to all the peo-

ples of all the other nations and governments: Come and share all these advantages equally with us.[1]

In view of all this, therefore, why must we, as Senator Joseph Hawley says, either "float a dead whale on the ocean" or say to Great Britain, "here is where you stop"?

I am not doubting, mind you, that this must be our policy. I am simply saying that in the light of incontrovertible fact American patriots are largely mistaken in the causes assigned for that policy. A comparison between the fiscal methods of England and the rest of the world shows that our evident interest is on the side of British rather than any other foreign extension. It is certain, of course, that though this noble patriotic instinct is at fault in so far as one cause for its action is concerned, that sentiment as a whole must be a righteous one. We may profitably therefore investigate its other presumed motives of action, as we shall be certain by the process of exclusion to arrive finally at what may be termed the "justifying cause," a result which will certainly add to our definiteness of purpose in the coming conflict.

We come to the Monroe Doctrine. Here surely we may find reason for the patriotic faith that is in us. We have been so often told that it is the true "American" doctrine, that it is the "expression of our destiny," "the embodiment of our national aspirations." But, so dense am I, that I have but a vague and shadowy notion of what the Monroe Doctrine *is*, notwithstanding my patient attention to much fiery oratory,

[1] The reader will remember that this was written in 1896, before the era of the New Protection.

learned discourse, and newspaper wisdom. And—though I would not for worlds speak disrespectfully of the Equator or of the Monroe Doctrine—I have a good notion that most Americans are in my case. Some irreverent scoffer in an after-dinner speech the other night was guilty of this ribald jest: Says Jones, "What is this I hear, Smith, about your not believing in the Monroe Doctrine?" Smith retorts, "It's a wicked lie. I never said I did not believe in it. I do believe in it. I would lay down my life for it. What I did say was that I do not know what it means."

That, to be frank, is my position. I believe in the Monroe Doctrine, of course, because I try to be a truly patriotic American. I would lay down my life for it. We all would. The newspaper editors especially are pining to disembowel the Britisher in the name of the Monroe Doctrine. But I must say I wish I knew what it meant. Although it would not, by a long shot, be the first time in history that men have very willingly shed their blood, voicing a battle-cry the meaning of which they did not understand, it would be more satisfactory at our end of the nineteenth century if we knew why we were to lay waste so many homes, to set so many mothers weeping through the long nights over so many orphans, why we are to go forth and kill so many husbands and fathers who speak our language, read our Bible, share our traditions, and for the most part are born to just such joys and sorrows as make up our own lot.

If we cannot tell what the Monroe Doctrine is, we should do well to see what it evidently is not: for of late assuredly it has been masquerading in borrowed clothes. Until December 17th it is certain that not one American in ten thousand had ever heard of the Monroe Doc-

trine. It might have been one of the main religious tenets of Mormonism for all they could have told to the contrary on the evening of December 16, 1895. On December 17th, however, our Government was being supported in war preparations to enforce its respect by England "at any cost whatsoever. To the last dollar and the last man!"

The circumstances which led up to this sudden and marvellous development are sufficiently clear. During the best part of a century a boundary dispute has been going on between England and Venezuela. The origins of the dispute reach back to the time when the United States were yet unborn, when this country was part of the British dominions, some sections part of the Spanish. Great Britain has a little colony of no importance bordering upon Venezuela, and some of her settlers, being in doubt as to their status, wanted the matter settled. One is not surprised at this desire of theirs. We know the sort of "republic" which Venezuela is. I find on inquiry that during the first twenty years of her history as a republic, she fought no less than a hundred and twenty battles, either with her neighbors or with herself, and she has maintained that average pretty well since. One can never know for certain which is the government and which the insurgents.

Such are the country and people upon whom we have expended a great deal of effusive praise of late, and whom we have espoused as "noble fellow-republicans" as against "British monarchists." To the plain person it would seem that so far as we have any interest in this matter at all it is on the side of England, since once the territory in dispute became English we could trade in it, live in it, exploit its reputed gold-mines on precisely

the same terms as Englishmen. While it remains Venezuelan we can neither trade there nor live there with any security. Our trade relations with Venezuela, as one may judge from the little fact cited just now, have time and again been subject to embarrassment and injustice, requiring the interposition of our Government. Yet such is the force of this portentous "Monroe Doctrine" that the President champions the cause of these precious cut-throats at the risk of a frightful war with a people who are our best customers and with whom in reality we have no sort of quarrel—and the nation supports him to the last man, and votes millions with one voice to prepare for the conflict.

I know that behind the merits of this particular case there is said to stand a larger question. It is claimed that should England gain in this squabble with Venezuela, should the marsh-land in dispute be seized by her, her power would be so increased in South America as to endanger the security of our national institutions in North America. This is quite seriously put forward as the rock on which the Monroe Doctrine stands.

Surely there must be some mistake. For over a hundred and thirty years Great Britain has possessed more land on this continent than we have—not a thousand miles away near the equator, but here, at our doors. Her possessions stretch away from the Great Lakes to the unknown North. Her frontier runs along by ours for over three thousand miles. And during that time of contiguity we have grown from feeble distracted colonies into the greatest republic of the world. For three generations we have had no trouble with our neighbors; they have never in the least threatened our institutions nor our republicanism. Up to the present it has never

occurred to the patriot to claim that this enormous territory on our border—greater than the whole of Europe—was any danger to us. But suddenly we declare that if England increases by so much as a dozen leagues a little swampy colony in South America—a colony which does not contain as many white men as one would find in a fair-sized American village—the very existence of this republic is threatened.

The fact is, we have no interests whatever in the settlement of this quarrel. And where we have no interests we have no rights for interference. Edward J. Phelps well resumes the American position thus:

> It was simply assumed that because the boundary in dispute was in this hemisphere, the United States had the right to dictate arbitration between the parties as the proper method of ascertaining its location, and, if that was refused, to define the line for herself, and to enforce its adoption. This extraordinary conclusion was asserted for the first time against a friendly nation, not as a proposition open to discussion to which its attention and reply were invited, but as an ultimatum announced to begin with. And it was addressed, not to that nation itself, through the ordinary channels of diplomatic intercourse, but to a co-ordinate branch of our own government, and thence through the newspapers to the world at large.

And yet no act in all President Cleveland's political career has been so popular as this; none has so stirred the great heart of the people, or so opened the floodgates of patriotic emotion. Concerning this act his political opponents, on pain of being classed with the enemies of their country, are silent. Patriots will not permit criticism. But where does the Monroe Doctrine come in? Surely this new faith, which we are all to hold as sacred, as the safeguard of our nationality, is not

the preposterous assumption to which Mr. Phelps has referred. Surely it has some basis and sanction other than this. To fight a great war with all its infinite and unseen possibility of mischief over such a matter as this South American boundary is to attain the burlesque. There must be something more than this for it to have become part of the American theory of government. Can *no* one tell us what it is?

(ii)

January 1897.

It is now just a year since I wrote at some length concerning the Monroe Doctrine and America's foreign relations generally. In that year public opinion has moved so far and changed so vastly that slow-moving folk—among whom, it seems, I must class myself—have become a little bewildered. At the beginning of last year the whole country, or at least the patriotic newspapers and statesmen and clergymen, were absolutely persuaded that America must annihilate Great Britain, or "float a dead whale on the ocean," to quote Senator Hawley's thrilling words of that time. For doubting this much, or rather for desiring reasons for thus sallying forth upon the destruction of England, some critics have handled me pretty roughly. I was, it appears, "sneering at all that true Americans hold most sacred." I was "un-American, anti-American"; a man of "timid peace," who would have this country wedded to a life of "ignoble ease"; one whom the "flag waving in the breeze" altogether failed to inspire. A certain correspondent thought that all true Americans would regard me as "a traitor, for writing such treasonable stuff.

. . . Such persons who drag Old Glory in the mud are beneath the notice of true Americans . . . their Anglomaniac drivel is only saved from being treasonable by the fact that it is despicable."

These criticisms date of course a year back, and the patriot will doubtless recall them with some surprise, because, for the moment, he has forgotten all about the duty to annihilate England. He is after somebody else's gore for the moment. Indeed, in the Eastern States, though not out West (we do not abandon our historic sport of tail-twisting so easily), one may evince a certain friendliness towards the erstwhile "enemy" without rendering one's patriotism suspect. Now we have discovered the real villain in the drama. The ogre who is on the look-out to throttle us, and whom we must slay if our liberty and our civilization is not to go down under a tidal wave of Weylerism, is—Spain. And I take it as evidence of the capacity of the American for clear and rapid perception that we were all ignorant of this fact six months since. Not, indeed, until the starting of a journalistic campaign of education did most of us know that we had any particular grievance, or that our national safety was threatened by that singularly distracted and powerless country. As for our capacity for ready sympathy for (foreign) mulattoes I am frankly astounded. A few weeks since it was the noble Venezuelans, threatened by the grasping Briton; now it is the noble Cubans "carrying on their sublime and deathless struggle for liberty," as the *Examiner* puts it, against the haughty Spaniard.

The position with regard to Spain has become dangerous simply because patriots of Mr. Kyle's stamp are beginning to set the tone of our national feeling. They

shout louder than other folk. They hector and browbeat as "traitors" all who disagree with them, so that reflection and civilized argument become impossible. We are face to face with a curious phenomenon which is difficult to explain. It would seem that the nation is set upon warfare of some sort. For months we have been spoiling for a scrap. A few weeks since it was Venezuela. The danger was averted by the extraordinary submission of England. To-day it is Cuba, and if that danger can be overcome we shall find some other thing over which to quarrel and assert our greatness to-morrow. Our newspapers, statesmen, public men, and clergy even, are talking to us of the advantages of warfare—not war with any one particular nation or for any particular purpose, but just warfare generally. These wiseacres are suddenly discovering that without periodical blood-letting we must certainly decay. Theodore Roosevelt has enunciated a precious doctrine of the "strenuous life," according to which, unless we fight frequently, we shall die from "ignoble ease."

> We must play a great part in the world, and especially . . . perform those deeds of blood and valor which above everything else bring national renown. . . . Our army and navy have never been built up as they should be built up. . . . The navy and army are the sword and shield which this nation must carry. . . . We do not admire the man of timid peace. In this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound to go down in the end before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities.

In a recent *North American* appears an article in which our growing tendency to warfare is ably and significantly sketched. The author, Mr. R. N. Shaler, says:

Those persons who are accustomed to observe the movements of public opinion have had occasion to note of late a curious tide which is setting our nation towards warfare. . . . We appear to be driven by a blind impulse into modes of thought and action concerning our neighbors that will, if unchecked, bring us to contests of arms. A trifling fracas with Chili, a mere police court case; an insurrection in Cuba; a matter of fishing in Newfoundland; of sealing in Alaska, or the confused questions of a wilderness boundary in South America, each and all serve to set the dogs of war baying. . . .

In his address the other day at the Arbitration Conference in Washington Carl Schurz said:

To judge from the utterance of some men having the public ear, we are constantly threatened by the evil designs of rival or secretly hostile powers that are eagerly watching every chance to humiliate our self-esteem, to insult our flag, to balk our policies, to harass our commerce, and even to threaten our very independence, and putting us in imminent danger of discomfiture of all sorts, unless we stand with sword in hand in sleepless watch, and cover the seas with warships, and picket the islands of every ocean with garrisoned outposts, and surround ourselves far and near with impregnable fortresses.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, at this same conference, was still more emphatic. Referring to the Venezuelan incident, he said:

. . . Can anything be more offensive to the sober-minded, industrious, laborious classes of American society than this doctrine of Jingoism, this chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, this attitude of a ruffian and a bully? This is just what Jingoism means, coupled with a brutal and despotic militarism which naturally exists in countries where the government has been despotic or aristocratic, and where there has always been an enormous military class. The teaching of this doctrine by our Press and some of our public men is one of the reasons this conference has gathered now.

But surely the very worst feature of the "inflammability of a multitudinous population" to which President Eliot referred, the feature which has in it the most danger, is that the men to whom we have a right to look for keeping uppermost the sober second thought of the nation, the better class of our public men and our clergy, seem the very readiest to add fuel to the flame. Nothing has been more extraordinary during the last few months than the servility with which our pulpit has kow-towed to the worst passions of the multitude. I could reproduce here—were I not already running to too great a length—sermons which in their vague warlike mysticism were fitter in the mouths of dervishes than of Christian men. And these incitements to strife only occur when the feeling of the people is already warlike. When we are clothed and in our right minds the clergy coo as gently as any suckling dove. It is an unpleasant thing to say, but does not this inevitably suggest the reflection that the clergy are more anxious to preach what is popular than what is right? Reflect on this incontrovertible fact: When in December last the relations with England were most strained, when it was touch and go as to whether we should have a war with England upon our hands, did not the daily Press treat us to sermons from eminent divines, in which the wrongs this country has suffered at the hands of Great Britain were eloquently set forth? Yet now, when the danger has passed and it has become more the thing to talk of arbitration, the clergy are telling us of all the reasons for being good friends with England. Surely it would have been better to set forth those claims of friendship when we were in danger of forgetting them, rather than now when there is not the least danger.

It is true that this moral poltroonery—the desire to be on the side of the big crowds—is not confined to the parsons, but one is justified in expecting better things of them. When they lead the way, it is not surprising that the politicians follow. It would seem that the clergy are in a blue funk of being found momentarily in the minority, of being called "traitors" by little asses and yellow newspapers. Courage of the prize-ring sort is a cult amongst us, but the courage which will consent to be for a time unpopular, to stand with one's face to the silly flag-wagging mob, to pronounce a word for common sense and common honesty in times of general dementia, seems all but completely absent.

I am aware that the average American will consider this as altogether too serious a view of the matter. It will be deemed solemn and owlish to object to what is probably but a little harmless excitement. That this talk of war and the parade of the paraphernalia of war adds a zest to politics dull enough for the most part. That it pleases the women folk and gives the boys something to do o' nights. That there is nothing very serious in it at all, and that it will end as the Venezuelan excitement ended—in smoke. And that is why the politicians and the parsons lend themselves to it. The country is "all right," and rich enough to spend a little money on gold lace and excitement if it wants to.

If the past has any lessons at all, no fallacy is more dangerous than this. No man can watch the movements of opinion in this country without seeing that this war talk which we start with a light heart soon becomes serious. Nothing is more fatal to the sense of humor and proportion than this patriotism of flags and war-drums. It is true that we avoided war with England at

the time of the Venezuelan business, but only because she adopted an attitude which no other country would have adopted. France would not have done it; nor Germany; nor will Spain. The Spanish "pundonor" will make it absolutely impossible. And even if we do manage to avoid conflict with Spain, we shall get it with some other nation, if the humor now upon us lasts. Those people who will not take the trouble, nor incur the *odium patrioticum,* of setting their faces against that mood are making exactly the sort of error they would make in allowing a child to play with squibs in a powder magazine.

But even if it should never result in war, it is still mischievous, and will cost us dear—is costing us dear. I know that America is supposed to be so rich as to afford any folly, any stupidity. Our newspapers are fond of talking of our boundless wealth, the "per-r-airies stretching from the rock-bound coast o' Maine to the sunny shores of the golden Pacific." All this oratory is very attractive, and Americans are very fond of it, but what are the facts?

The last time I heard that phrase about "this sun-kissed land" and the "boundless prairies stretching from the rock-bound coast," and so forth, it was from the lips of a gentleman in a country store, who concluded the oration by asking the loan of a dollar and a half in order to get a sack of flour to take home to his wife, the store-keeper declining further credit on an account which was already four and a half years old. I am not romancing; it is an absolute fact. The farmer in question had for half an hour been indulging in precisely the sort of bamboozle with which our land companies fill their rose-colored circulars. "The richest

country on God Almighty's earth, sir." The man might have stood for the land-agent in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; the lineaments of Dickens' picture, drawn sixty years since, were all there, faithful to the last detail. With just this difference: my friend was not a land-agent. He did not want to sell me his farm; I don't know why he was filling me up with all this land-agency romance. No one did. It just came natural to him. Now the facts of this patriot's situation are that his farm is mortgaged up to the hilt, as also are his team and wagon; his implements he has never paid for; his grocery account is something over four years old; he can never remember the time when he was out of debt; his wife, at thirty-five, is an old and worn woman; she can never remember the time when she was not overworked, when she had not to get up at daylight, and well before it in winter-time, to cook the coarse grub for the family and the occasional hands. The wooden shack in which they live is an oven in summer, a refrigerator in winter. A garden the farm does not possess; no one would have the time to attend to it. The vegetables are bought from the travelling Chinaman, and the wife and her husband have not even the meagre satisfaction of owning the farm upon which for years they have labored like convicts. And they never will own it. In a couple of years the bank will foreclose, the ramshackle wagon will be loaded with bedding and a frying-pan, and this worn woman with the tired face will follow her husband to some newer territory, where the process will be started all over again *da capo*. "Finest country on God Almighty's earth, sir. Millions of happy homes, sir, stretchin' from the rock-bound. . . ."

I shall be told that this is an exceptional case; many

Americans will, in perfect good faith, call it pure romance, because they are ignorant of the real conditions of their own country. Their knowledge of American farm-life is such as they see it from the standpoint of the summer boarder and such as it is represented by politicians, by land-agents, and also, be it said, by the extraordinary self-deceiving twaddle which the farmers themselves have acquired the habit of indulging in. But whether I am right or wrong, I speak, at least, as one who has gone through the mill, as one who has worked as a laborer upon a half-score of ranches in California, who has himself ranched, who has passed some years cheek by jowl with farmers and farm-hands. Most town-bred Americans, and some who are not town-bred, but remember the farm from a boy's standpoint, speak habitually without the advantage of such an experience, and I will appeal from their usual highfalutin periods to certain undeniable facts. I will take the three counties of California with which I am most familiar: Fresno County, Kern County, and Tulare County. They are fairly representative, and include in their area the fruit-growing, the grain-farming, and cattle-raising interests. Now, if you examine the public records of these counties, as you can easily do, you will find that, striking an average over the whole, 97 per cent. of those farms to which titles have been acquired from the Government are mortgaged in one form or another; if you examine the records of chattel mortgages deposited in the court-houses, you will find that, in addition to the mortgages upon the land, nearly half the farmers have also mortgaged their implements or their crops. That is to say that not four farmers in a hundred own their farms. That already is a great fact. The man who year in year

out has to find interest for a debt cannot be called independent. But that is not the whole story. Go into one of the big stores in our country towns, and get the store-keeper to tell you in confidence the real condition of his accounts with his farming customers. You will find that the majority of his accounts have run from three to five years; that the farmers "pay something on account" after harvest, and that only a small minority are for long out of his debt or free from liens which he holds. And those deferred accounts also pay 1 per cent. a month interest.

Now go to the farms. What sort of food do the farmer and his wife eat? What sort of clothes does the wife wear? What sort of leisure do they enjoy? I could name a score of women married to farmers, with property supposed to reach five figures in value, who are accustomed to rise at five, light the fire, cook the grub, clean the house, do the washing, milk the cows, feed the poultry, attend to the children, mend their clothes, cook the midday meal, cook the supper, do the chores, and go to bed at something near midnight. There is not a day-laborer's wife in the city who would not be ashamed to dress so meanly, or who would not refuse the food she eats every day of the year. There are thousands of farm-houses in this State where "meat" means salt pork, "vegetables" potatoes, where beef or mutton is never tasted from one year's end to another. The life of the man is a corresponding one. A capitalist, a man whose property is supposed to be worth thousands of dollars, he pitches hay with the thermometer a hundred in the shade. In winter he puts the frost-crusted harness on to his shivering beasts, feeds and waters them himself. And after ten or fifteen or twenty years of this

he gets sold up, and pulls up stakes, to start on a hundred and sixty acres of government land "fenced by a couple o' yaller dogs," but situated happily in "the richest country on God Almighty's earth, sir!"[1]

I know that this sketch will be pooh-poohed as fantastic and exaggerated. But it is the truth; the figures of mortgages, the evidence of our eyes, everything save the florid oratory which we swallow as other drunkards swallow gin and morphia, supports its truth. Here and there we have a publicist who will tell it. Occasionally you will see it reflected in the agricultural Press, while a few shrewd observers like Hamlin Garland have testified to it in their books. I challenge anyone who is entitled to speak on the matter by close contact with our farming population to rebut its general truth.

But what has this to do with the Monroe Doctrine, and the conflict with Spain, and with our recent warlike talky-talky? It has everything to do. My contention with regard to our growing militarism was that this country could not afford the luxury. I do not mean that it could not find the money—it could maintain an army of a million men if needs be, as it has done before —but that the condition of things I have described never will be mended, if, instead of busying ourselves with our own people, we get excited over the wrongs of Cubans and "the fulfilment of our destiny." We may be sure that if, in a country like ours, a country possessing in abundance everything from which the wealth of the world is created, those who work the hardest get

[1] Does this picture apply only to the generation of 1896? Recent (1925) figures of farm mortgages, sales and bankruptcies, and the growth of tenantry, would seem to indicate that over large areas at least the situation has not very greatly altered.

the least; if our tillers of the soil are in effect worse off than the peasants of rocky Switzerland or crowded Holland, and infinitely worse off than the farmers of effete England—if this be the case, there is something radically wrong. It is not natural that our agricultural population should be both poor and overworked, debt-ridden and toil-driven. Yet such is the case. Our towns are wealthy, our manufacturers are rich, and get richer every day, but our farmers remain poor. And our farmers are the larger class, at least in the Western sections. They are, or should be, the backbone of our country, the reservoir of its best blood, the keeper of its best traditions. And yet the nature of our new patriots is such that they are much more interested in the woes of the Cubans than in the hardships of American men and women. The *Examiner* has just been sending out photos of the Cuban women in the Concentration Camps, and our statesmen and our clergy weep over them. Yet I warrant that were I to make a collection of the pale-faced and overworked women of our farms not one of these statesmen or these clergymen would give it a glance. You may call me names, and say that I am no patriot, but to me the men and women that I know, their struggle for the daily bread that is so poor and hard, are of more import than the Cubans and all their causes. Let the Cubans work out their own salvation, and let us give our energies to ours.

But the patriot won't have it. When I see a perfervid young man waving little flags, I know that it is no use talking to him about Americans—about the people, say, in Fresno County. You must talk to him of those noble Cubans if he is to show the least interest. And he is like most patriots.

And that is what I mean by saying that we cannot afford this militarism. Not only will it not help us to find what is wrong with our own institutions—with those policies which keep those poor who should be rich, and make richer those who are rich enough—but it will prevent our doing so. The moment that we fight Spain we shall become mixed with the *haute politique*. We shall fight our elections upon questions of prestige in Europe; upon subduing this or that enemy; upon acquiring more empire. The expansionist with his flag and his drum will so interest us that we shall have no inclination to listen to the dull fellow who is talking mere domestic problems. Our taxes will double, but if one object he is told that he is putting "pocket before patriotism," and that it is all for the glory of the flag. And, worst of all, that peculiar temper which has blinded our Western population during a generation to its real interests will be immeasurably strengthened by all this warlike adventure.

This temper has led us to prefer indulgence in a sentiment of hostility to the furtherance of our interests. We have been persuaded, and for years we held it as unquestionably true, that, as Senator Lodge puts it, if we could do anything to injure England, it was our clear interest to do so. England! The very best customer for our products that exists in the world, a country that takes more of them than all the rest of the world put together. And it is a customer of this proportion that we are to destroy if possible—the only great foreign market where our beef, and pork, and grain, and fruit have an absolutely free market! I am absolutely astonished at the strength of the Anglopho-

bia as it exists now, and has for years existed among Western farmers. What grievance have they against England? What injury has she done them? They could not, to save their immortal souls, tell you; but they hate her, and if any politician is especially offensive with regard to her they will vote for him.

Now, it is evident that this is not a rational temper; that it is not one in which our best interests will receive a quiet and clear-headed consideration. But it is one which the new militarism will foster. England will not necessarily be the object of it, but we shall be taught to distrust and hate the "foreigner," to try and injure him, to create large forces to overawe him. In other words, sentimentality, the sentimentality of suspicion and hostility, the sentimentality of the drum-banging patriot, will influence our policy in the future, as Anglophobia has influenced it in the past.

From the proposition, that Protection adds nothing to our incomes while it increases the price of everything we buy, there is no getting away. The Protectionist does not even pretend or attempt to meet it. I have listened to scores of debates, public and private, and never once has this point been fairly met. Always in the end does the Protectionist get away to the "European invasion," and "Europe getting rich at America's expense." It suffices for him to show that so many thousand cotton-weavers of Lancashire have been ruined, or that our imports are decreasing, to have presumably gained his point, oblivious of the fact that, however this may benefit the manufacturer, the farmer pays: he pays more for his cotton but gets no more for his wheat. It is likely that he will get less, since those Lancashire cot-

ton-weavers will perforce buy the less. Dependent to an enormous extent upon a rich England for his market, the American farmer will be hugely pleased when the Protectionist shows him that McKinley is ruining British industry. If the Free Trader be persistent, the Protectionist will silence him—at least in public—by some insinuation of Anglomania, of being "no American," of preferring Britain to his own country, and being told to remember Bunker Hill. From patriotism there is no appeal.

Yet, nevertheless, may we ask, what have the sins of Great Britain in Ireland, the objectionable accent or behavior of the British tourist, the fooleries of our Anglomaniacs, to do with the price of wheat? Is it quite serious, when we are talking of crops and prices, for one party to the argument to imitate the accent of the "blawsted Britisher," and to say that you are "so English, dontcher-know"? Yet I have never listened to a campaign speech in which these silly tricks have not been introduced. And they always succeed. The good farmers sitting round are for the most part hugely pleased, accept it all as a serious argument. I have seen closely and cogently reasoned argument in favor of Free Trade replied to by the remark, "Aw yaas! So English, yer know. Is it rainin' in Lunnon?" and the listeners have for the most part regarded this sally with huge satisfaction—a complete and full answer to everything which could be said in favor of "British" Free Trade.

In the face of this you tell me that Anglophobia is a harmless foible. I seriously maintain that, by reason of it, the Western farmer has been bamboozled for two

generations. Whatever be the merits of the question, he has never considered them. It is sufficient with him that Free Trade is the "British policy," and in consequence wrong. The causeless animosity overrides all other considerations. And when to this primitive tribal enmity is added the windy bombast about this "sun-kissed land," and the "thousands of happy homes" (all mortgaged), the burlesque is complete. Burlesque? I know of nothing more pathetic than the spectacle of a man burdened with toil, with debt, poorly fed, poorly clad, his wife awearied with the monotony of petty drudgery, and his children anæmic, enthralled by a political oratory which ignores his debts, ignores his poverty, his toil, and is concerned only to inflame his hatred of a people ten thousand miles away, to tickle a bootless vainglory about the wide "per-r-airies, stretching from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of the golden Pacific." Ordinarily I resent—as a farmer myself—the ill-concealed contempt of the town American for the "hayseed," the facile caricatures of *Judge* and *Puck*. But when I witness the spectacle I have just described, upon my soul, I think he deserves everything in that way that he gets.

If it be true, as I honestly believe that it is true, that this hostility and vainglory have so influenced our judgment of the right fiscal policy as to induce a wrong decision, how immeasurable has been the cost of this sentimentalism! Think of all the lives that have been made the harder, of the constitutions that have been shattered, of the women made prematurely old, of the houses that are the meaner, of the children that are neglected, of the homes that are less easy, for the sake

of doing something which will displease the British or startle Europe. Was I wrong in saying that we cannot afford this militarism, this blatant desire to impress the foreigner with "our epperlettes and feathers"? Is not this too high a price to pay for it all?

We have seen how eloquent some of our moral preceptors—including some clergymen—can become concerning the dangers of long-continued peace. Might not Mr. Roosevelt and the rest occasionally vary these themes with one concerning the danger—the cost—of hate? I know that certain of our patriots would, like the *Chronicle*, pour infinite scorn upon introducing the "economic principles of the Sermon on the Mount" into a political discussion. But there is, nevertheless, an economic side to the moral law. If men cannot violate it, save to their cost, it is certain that nations cannot. And when we charge Englishmen of to-day with historical offences for which they are no more morally responsible than for the crimes of Nero, or make war on Spain for offences which are no concern of ours—offences which, when committed by others than Spain, or by ourselves, leave us unmoved—we do an injustice for which we shall sooner or later pay in full. When we nurse a desire to humiliate others, to parade, like the savage, our big muscles and our big body, when our pride becomes vainglory, the debauch will not be indulged without penalty. Unless all history has deceived us, unless the story of a hundred nations has been devised for our deception, that "Destiny," so dear to the patriot's heart, shall exact the full tale for all our passion, our vainglory, and unreasonableness. And the innocent shall pay with the guilty—for the guilty it may be—"to the third and fourth generation."

V.

THE ATROCITY IN WORLD POLITICS—AND A STORY

We have already forgotten the part played by the atrocity in the War and in the Peace. It is quite certain that the historian of the future, desiring to understand why some things were done, why men thought in such a way as to act in such a manner, will be puzzled by some features of the settlement made at the end of the Great War, particularly the principle which runs through the Treaty of Versailles: the complete lack of reciprocity on certain points. There is disarmament, but only for Germany: there is punishment of war criminals, but only German war criminals: there are demilitarized zones, but only German zones; there are mandates for non-self-governing territories, but only for ex-German or ex-enemy colonies.

Now there is only one ground upon which we can logically, in our own minds, have justified that kind of treaty as a means of settling the problems out of which the War arose. We did honestly come to believe during the War that those problems were due to a special wickedness of the German race; that there was no need, as the late Lord Cromer put it, to search further for the cause of the War than the character of the Germans; that Europe was divided into good and peaceful people, the Allies, and bad and warlike people, the German and his satellites; and settlement consisted in giving arms and power to the good and taking it from the bad.

The thing reads to-day like a rather foolish parody. But it was not a parody six or seven years ago; this

division of the world into good and bad nations was quite a reasonable deduction from what we were all reading about for five years, and it only sounds absurd now because we have so easily forgotten the place occupied by the atrocity.

When we first found ourselves at war, statesmen spoke of such things as the Bagdad Railway, the break-up of the Austrian Empire, the Southern Slav question, the future of Constantinople. But once the War had got well under way, the items in the newspapers which the millions read dealt with such things as the nurse who was captured and had her breasts cut off, the Canadian soldier found crucified, the lifeboats that were sunk after the torpedoing of a merchant ship. Millions who were quite ignorant of high politics, utterly indifferent to all the discussions about the Dardanelles and the Bagdad Railroad — every tea-shop waitress, school-boy, navvy, school-girl, charwoman — knew about the atrocities and felt passionately concerning them. And that fact made a public opinion which drove the statesmen to two policies: the "knock-out blow" and the punitive peace.[1]

[1] Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes to *The Times*, December 26, 1917, as follows: "The bestiality of the German nation has given us a driving power which we are not using, and which would be very valuable in this stage of the war. Scatter the facts. Put them in red-hot fashion. Do not preach to the solid south, who need no conversion, but spread the propaganda wherever there are signs of any intrigue—on the Tyne, the Clyde, in the Midlands, above all in Ireland, and French Canada. Let us pay no attention to platitudinous Bishops or Gloomy Deans or any other superior people, who preach against retaliation or whole-hearted warfare. We have to win, and we can only win by keeping up the spirit of resolution of our own people. . . . The munition workers have many small vexations to endure, and their nerves get sadly frayed. They need strong elemental emotions to carry them on. Let pictures be made of this and other incidents. Let them be hung in every shop."

Now there is no reason to doubt the truth of some at least of the atrocities, whether they concern the horrible ill-treatment of prisoners in war-time or the burning alive of Negro women in peace-time in Texas or Alabama,[1] or the flogging of women in India,[2] or reprisals by the British soldiers in Ireland, or by Red Russians against White and White against Red. Every story may be true, for every nation has such things to its charge. The British need go no farther back than the Boer War, which, as wars go, was a "decent" one; and the Americans no farther back than the Philippine campaign, which, even for wars, was not decent at all. In the Boer War we vilified the enemy pretty much as later we did the Boche. Not only do we find the *Mail* telling us that the Boers are "neither brave nor honorable," that they are "cowardly and dastardly," "semi-savage" and "inhuman," "filled with satanic premedi-

[1] A thing which happens at least every few weeks in the United States.

[2] There has just appeared, as these lines are being written, a history of certain aspects of the Indian Mutiny heretofore neglected by the historian (*The Other Side of the Medal,* by Edward Thompson). The argument of the book is thus described by the *Spectator* reviewer: "Indians hate us? Why? Because we have suppressed one-half of the truth about the Indian Mutiny. Our boys are brought up on the atrocities perpetrated by the mutineers, but never hear a word about the atrocious reprisals which equalled and in part explained or extenuated some of the worst things done by the mutineers." In one devastating chapter (the reviewer goes on) he introduces us to the evidence showing the nature of the deeds done by our men. What appals us is not what was done in heat, but what was done and justified in cold blood. The author infers that national hatred must have been generated by the atrocity with which it was suppressed. Further, he assumes that the success with which we have imposed upon the world our one-sided version of the facts has inflamed the Indian with a sense of injustice. Lastly, he argues that this distortion of history is responsible for the panic, fear, and hate which assail the reason of the Anglo-Indian community when there is any stir in the Indian world.

tation," but Mr. Swinburne, gives us this picture:

> Vile foes like wolves set free,
> Whose war is waged where none may fight or flee,
> With women and with weaklings. Speech and song
> Lack utterance now for lothing. Scarce we hear
> Foul tongues that blacken God's dishonored name
> With prayers turned curses . . .
> To scourge these dogs agape with jaws aflame.

In his indignation at any British protest against a death-rate of 450 per thousand in the concentration camps, and as a protest against the attitude of a notable English lady on the matter, Mr. Swinburne during the war impressed on us that the Boer women and children were after all but

> Whelps and dams of murderous foes.

And so, finally, it comes to this in a London evening paper:

> The women and children are frequently employed to carry messages. Of course they must be included in military measures and transported or despatched. . . . We have undertaken to conquer the Transvaal, and if nothing will make that sure except the removal of the Dutch inhabitants, they must be removed, men, women, and children.[1]

Culminating in this as a military method:

> *V. R.—Public Notice:*—It is hereby notified for information that unless the men at present on commando belonging to families in the Town and District of Krugersdorp surrender themselves and hand in their arms to the Imperial Authorities by July 20th, the whole of their property will be confiscated, and their families turned out destitute and homeless."—By Order, G. H. M. Ritchie, Capt. K. Horse, Dist. Supt. Police, Krugersdorp, July 9, 1900.

[1] *St. James's Gazette.* August 21, 1900.

But the Americans outdid us in the Philippines. The court-martialling of a certain General Jacob Smith, rendered necessary owing to the acquittal of a subordinate on charges of murder based on the execution of military orders, elicited from the general the admission of having issued the following:

"I wish you to burn and kill. The more you kill, the more you will please me. The island of Samar must be made a howling wilderness."

Asked by the subordinate above mentioned what age-limit should be placed to the killing, General Smith replied, "Kill everything over ten." General Smith, far from denying the issue of such orders, stoutly defended their necessity and their "humanity."[1] That they were thoroughly carried out, and that their spirit animated large sections of the American army in the Philippines, there can be no manner of doubt. Major Gardner officially notified his government, as civil governor of the Province of Tayabas, that "a third of the population had disappeared as the result of the military operations." He complains that the wholesale and indiscriminate "killing" was depopulating the country. Captain Elliott at about this time published over his own signature a letter from which the following is an extract:

Caloocan was supposed to contain 17,000 inhabitants. The twentieth Kansas swept through it, and Caloocan contains not one living native. Of the buildings the battered

[1] "Colonel Woodruff, Counsel for General Smith, at the opening of the trial, at once stated that he desired to simplify matters, and with that object was willing to admit that he wanted everybody to be killed who was capable of bearing arms, and that he did specify ten years as the age-limit for such killing, since Samar boys of that age were as dangerous as those of mature years." —*Manila Despatches* to American Papers of April 25, 1902.

walls of the great church and the dismal prison alone remain. The village of Maypaja, where our first fight occurred on the night of the 14th, had 5,000 people in it on that day. Now not one stone stands upon another.

And the public mind—public opinion? Its reaction to it all was about that of the German people to the sinking of the *Lusitania*.[1]

Mark Twain, in his autobiography, tells of the Presidential congratulations conveyed to General Wood on the morrow of a four days' "battle" in which nine hundred Filipinos—men, women, and children—were killed, and in which the American casualties were fifteen. General Wood explained later that there was "no wanton destruction of women and children, though many were killed by force of necessity." When the four days' battle was over, President Roosevelt telegraphed to General Wood:

[1] The New York *Journal* (a Hearst organ) comments:
"Divine wisdom, which knows only the human race as a whole, wills that the ablest shall lead. They always have led, and always will. Sympathize with Aguinaldo, or with the mosquito sadly buzzing as the farmer drains his swamps, but don't try to get away from facts. . . . Erroneous is the general idea that they ought to win, and usually do win, because they fight for liberty. . . . Let Garnier, the monkey man, teach our apes in the Zoo to repeat the Declaration of Independence with slight variations. Will that get them out of their cage? No. And Mr. Aguinaldo's feeble paraphrases of Jefferson will not make him rule where Jefferson's descendants have raised their flag. The weak must go to the wall and stay there; it is better all round that they should. . . . We'll rule in Asia as we rule at home. . . . We shall establish in Asia a branch agency of the true American movement towards liberty. We'll beat that country, we'll own that country, we'll improve that country. We'll win and rule out there because the young American soldier who fights gamely and dies bravely is better than the thick-skulled coarse-haired aborigine who shoots him from behind the bush. . . . American will win in the Philippines and establish America in Asia . . . in spite of the dear, kind-hearted, sentimental anti-expansionist."

I congratulate you and the officers and men of your command upon the brilliant feat of arms wherein you and they so well upheld the honor of the American flag.

(*Signed*) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

How many Americans are aware of these facts? About as many as there are Englishmen aware of the Indian side of the Indian Mutiny.

And if each side told the whole truth, instead of a part of it, these atrocities would help us towards an understanding of this complex nature of ours. But we never do tell the whole truth. Always in war-time each side leaves out two things essential to the truth: the good done by the enemy and the evil done by ourselves. If that elementary condition of truth were fulfilled, these pictures of cruelty, bestiality, obscenity, rape, sadism, sheer ferocity might possibly tell us that: "That is the primeval tiger in us: Man's history—and especially the history of his wars—is full of these warnings of the depths to which he can descend. Those ten thousand men and women of pure English stock, gloating over the helpless prisoners whom they are slowly roasting alive, are not normally savages. Most of them are kindly and decent folk. These stories of the September massacres, of the Terror, no more prove French nature to be depraved than the history of the Inquisition, or Ireland and India, proves Spanish or British nature to be depraved."

But the truth is never so told. It was not so told during the War. Day after day, month after month, we got only selected stories. In the Press, in the cinemas, in Church services, they were related to us. The message the atrocity carried was not: "Here is a picture of what human nature is capable of; let us be on our guard that

nothing similar marks our history." That was neither the intention nor the result of propaganda. It said in effect, and was intended to say:

"This lecherous brute abusing a woman is a picture of Germany. All Germans are like that. That sort of thing never happens in other armies; cruelty, vengeance, and blood-lust are unknown in the Allied forces. That is why we are at war. Remember this at the peace table."

That falsehood was conveyed by what the Press and the cinema systematically left out. While they told us of every vile thing done by the enemy, they told us of not one act of kindness or mercy among all those hundred millions during the years of war.

That suppression of everything good done by the enemy was paralleled by the suppression of everything evil done by our side. You may search Press and cinema in vain for one single story of brutality committed by Serbian, Rumanian, Greek, Italian, French, or Russian —until the last in time became an enemy. Then suddenly our papers were full of Russian atrocities. At first these were Bolshevik atrocities only, and of the "White" troops we heard no evil. Then, when later the self-same Russian troops that had fought on our side during the War fought Poland, our papers were full of the atrocities inflicted on Poles.

By the daily presentation during years of a picture which makes the enemy so entirely bad as not to be human at all, and ourselves entirely good, the whole nature of the problem is changed. The problem of peace in that case is not one of finding a means of introducing government or order in a field which has heretofore had none, or of dealing, by the discipline of a common

code or tradition, with common shortcomings—violence, hate, cupidity, blindness. The problem is not of that nature at all. We don't have these defects; they are German defects. For five years we have indoctrinated the people with a case which, if true, renders only one policy in Europe admissible; either the ruthless extermination of these monsters, or their permanent subjugation, the conversion of Germany into a sort of world lunatic asylum.

When therefore the big public, whether in America or France or Britain, simply will not hear (in 1919) of any League of Nations that shall ever include Germany, they are right—if we have been telling them the truth.

Was it necessary thus to "organize" hate for the purposes of war? Violent partisanship would assuredly assert itself in war-time without such stimulus. If we saw more clearly the relationship of these instincts and emotions to the formation of policy, we should organize, not their development, but their restraint and discipline, or, that being impossible in sufficient degree (which it may be), organize their re-direction to less anti-social ends.

The truth is, of course, that half the measures taken for the restraint of opinion in war-time, and a good deal more than half the coercions and intolerances, are simply temperamental explosions and defeat the ends they are supposed to serve. All writing which argued for a workable and moderate peace was as far as possible suppressed; was not allowed to leave the country. (This was the case with the writings of authors like Lowes Dickinson, Bertrand Russell, E. D. Morel.) But the articles of Mr. Bottomley, or the editor of the

Morning Post, urging the utter annihilation of Germany, were given the freest circulation both at home and abroad. Which kind was the more likely to "encourage the enemy"—encourage him, that is, to go on fighting? As a matter of historical fact the articles which were thus encouraged by public opinion and the Government were the kind that the enemy Government did use, carefully reprinting them in its own Press with the admonition to its own public: "This is what you will get unless you go on fighting." The utterances which stiffened German resistence were encouraged; the utterances which, if heard by the enemy at all, would have weakened it, and which in any case, if heard by our own people, would have rendered home opinion less insane at the peace-making, were discouraged or suppressed.

There follows here a little story which I had written during the War, but which was never published. The refusals of some half-dozen magazines and reviews, one after another, were couched in curiously similar terms. In effect they said: "The point is important, it is well put; it ought to be said—we cannot say it."

Here it is:

The Atrocity

Those present at this meeting organized by the Polksville Patriotic League were surprised to see Father Cassidy (S.J.) and Mr. MacMillan, of the Unitarian Church, on the platform. For these two alone among the Ministers of Polksville had held aloof from the methods of certain members of the League, notably of the Reverend Septimus Scott. The Reverend Septimus had specialized in atrocities if one might put it that way. He had paid a visit to France and had there made

a collection of "cases," numbered, with copies of sworn depositions and with photographs. He took the ground that these were the reasons why America was at war, and the road to victory, he said, was to make American blood boil at the recital of his selected list of the very worst abominations. Sermons in which he minutely described the cutting off of the breasts of young French girls by German soldiers had filled his church and stamped him as far and away the most patriotic figure in Polksville. Among the elderly ladies of his congregation he had acquired an aspect of irresistible masculinity and virility by referring very many times in the same sermon to the German Government as the "Pots-Damned Devils" and to the German people as "The Hellish Huns."

Father Cassidy and Mr. MacMillan on the other hand, while they had been more active in such things as Belgian Relief work, had rather kept away from the Polksville Patriotic League under the inspiring leadership of the Reverend Septimus. When Mr. Septimus Scott had asked for permission to display a carefully chosen selection of photographs of atrocities in the Catholic Mission Room, Father Cassidy had refused. When the League had organized a petition for the removal of the elderly German bacteriologist (born, it is true in Schleswig-Holstein, before it was German, but none the less for that an enemy-alien) from the City Hospital, Father Cassidy had declined to sign it. When the League had demanded that all the German books in the City library, including the devotional ones and the works of Goethe, be publicly burned, he had declined to support the proposal. And that, of course, had made him a suspect.

The Chairman explained the circumstances of Father Cassidy's presence. The Committee of the League had passed a resolution calling for the removal of German teachers from certain schools, notably a Kindergarten, of which Father Cassidy was director. The resolution had in effect argued that members of a nation guilty of Germany's record in Belgium were not fit to teach American children. Father Cassidy had been challenged by members of the League to state why he, a Christian priest, had been silent on these atrocities, and what his policy concerning the German teachers was to be. Father Cassidy (evidently to the surprise of the Committee) had replied, not, it is true, that the teachers should be removed, but that he had come very regretfully to believe many of these stories of atrocities, and that he had a statement to make with reference to that conviction. Might he make it in public at a meeting of the League? The Committee had evidently regarded this as promising in some sense a recantation and had welcomed the proposal. There was a general air of expectancy. The Reverend Septimus Scott was present.

"It is true," began Father Cassidy, "that I am here to-night in some sense as a penitent. I do not disguise from you that I have hesitated to believe a Christian people capable of some of those things of which Mr. Septimus Scott has told you with such a wealth of graphic detail. It was not so much that I did not accept the testimony which he produced—some of it coming from Belgian priests whom I have known in the past—as that I did not perhaps have that vivid sense of its meaning which comes when some circumstance of personal experience brings that meaning near to one. But recently a more personal experience has caused me to

examine my feelings. A friend, a very dear and old friend of mine, a priest of my Faith, was an unwilling and helpless witness of just such an action on the part of his enemies as those described in Mr. Scott's documents. And I have here from this friend a letter describing it, together with some reflections of his, which I will also read to you. Broadly the facts are that in a town behind the lines—not on the battle zone at all—which I think makes the occurrence all the more dreadful since the excuse of the passion of battle and military danger could not be invoked—and simply with the idea of inspiring terror in the minds of the population, a helpless civilian was caught and publicly tortured. He was not even tried for any specific crime. He was vaguely accused of something or other, but the real foundation of the act which my friend describes was just that calculated system of "frightfulness" and terrorization of which Mr. Scott has told you. The treatment meted out to this helpless, unarmed, unconvicted civilian is thus described by my friend:

"Having been dragged from a house into which he had fled, the man was taken into the public square. His torture then began. He was forced on to the ground and an iron driven into it in such a way that he could be tied to it with barbed wire. A brazier, such as is used in plumbing and like work, was then brought, and some small iron bars made red hot in it. This took quite a time, the victim of course being compelled to watch the whole process. And as he lay there thousands of his enemies gathered about him, jeering and laughing. Those who were unable to see from the ground climbed on to the roofs of near-by houses.

"When the irons were hot, the man's guards ripped off his clothes with a knife—lacerating and ripping the flesh as they did so. The guards then took the irons, now red hot, and slowly burned each eye ball. The prisoner shrieked with pain, but as he opened his mouth for that, another red

hot iron was taken and forced down his throat. His sexual organs were then burned out with a red hot iron—and by this time a hideous stench of burning human flesh filled the Sabbath air: for it was done on Sunday.

"Not only did thousands of men watch this without protest, but officers were there supporting the whole thing with their presence.

"And my friend adds this: 'Among all those thousands I heard one one word of protest, of mercy, of compassion; not one word.' I confess to you, my friends, that that story, the testimony of a man whose judgment as well as whose word I can trust, has made a very great impression upon me. And yet I am not sure how these facts, and, heaven help us, so many others like them, should affect our conduct to individual Germans, to such things as the teaching of German, and to our national policy towards the German nation. I speak for the moment, not as a Christian priest, but as an American citizen, anxious to know what is our wise course. Do these dreadful things represent just a blind spot on the eye of the German conscience—blinded by the cultivated passion of patriotism—and can we assume that, nevertheless, on the whole the German people will in the long run react morally in the same way as any other people, that underneath all this there is the same human nature that we know among ourselves?" (Cries of "No," "No.") "Or must we on the strength of these facts regard Germans as a different type of human being from ourselves, not only different in their conduct because of false doctrine, evil traditions, and a certain historical background, but different in their moral nature, so that an attitude on the part of others which would in our case provoke one result would in their case provoke a different one?"

Father Cassidy paused here for a moment. It was not his intention to have stopped, but the Reverend Mr. Scott, who had glowed and radiated during the account of the tortures, had been visibly dismayed at the reserved and cautious tone his colleague immediately assumed, and he half rose with an impatient restlessness. Cassidy, as a matter of courtesy, although he had intended to go on, yielded the floor.

"I appeal to Father Cassidy," said Mr. Scott, "not to water down his moral indignation and the healthy impulse of patriotism which devilries like this must stir, by any sophisticated or ill-placed sentimentalism. Surely this has proved, if anything can, that the German must be treated as a wild beast. Let me read him what the *New York Tribune* in an editorial said most appositely on this subject the other day.[1] 'We shall not get permanent peace,' says the *Tribune*, 'by treating the Hun as though he were not a Hun. One might just as well attempt to cure a man-eating tiger of his hankering for human flesh by soft words as to break the German of his historic habits by equally futile kind words. . . . Since the German employs the methods of the wild beast, he must be treated as beyond the appeal of generous or kind methods.' Just imagine, friends, that this harmless civilian so devilishly done to death—by cruelties worse than those of the Indian, a filthy and obscene Sadism—had been your brother, your son, your father. Would you question for a moment whether any Hun whatsoever can be trusted? Would you entrust anyone of this race with the upbringing of your children? Would you ever again shake hands with any who had

[1] October 16, 1917.

palliated, excused, or minimized these damnable obscenities? Would you not know that they must be treated as outside the scope of decent human feeling?"

Father Cassidy held up his hand to check this flow of eloquence, and rose. "I cannot let this go further," he said. "It was not my intention that it should have gone so far. Had Mr. Scott not interrupted me, I should have added a fact which I was keeping to the last. It is a fact which prevents me from drawing the conclusions that he does from this atrocity; it will prevent him from drawing them. It is this: that those thousands who so calmly watched the torture of this fellow creature, those who carried out the torture, who burned out this man's living eyes with hot irons, and so forth, were Americans. They were all Americans, torturers and spectators alike. What they did, not in the midst of the passions of war, but in the quiet and security of a country town, was not an isolated thing—some sudden, monstrous up-flaring of a dreadful madness. It is an ordinary thing that has been going on for years. What I read to you was the scrupulously accurate account of an American lynching. It was not an exceptional case. They are numbered by scores, by hundreds, by thousands, and generally are marked by just such dreadful and incredible horrors as marked this case witnessed by my friend.

"That friend was an 'enemy alien,' as I have told you: a German priest who had lived for many years among this Negro population. That fact has prompted me to ask myself how our conduct must appear to our enemies. In writing to me of this case, the essential details of which have been confirmed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the

priest reminds me that of the hundreds that have been lynched within the last few years, only a quite small proportion have been even accused of rape, and real evidence of any crime whatsoever has in most cases been lacking. Sometimes the individual lynchings have developed into collective massacres—massacres in which the victims are not men alone, but women and little children. The individual torturings and burnings alive have been in the past so common that they have seldom received more than the most casual and passing reference in our newspapers.

"From being a punishment for one kind of offence these tortures have become punishment for any offence, or none. From being a special treatment reserved for one race they have become one to be meted out to our own. From burning Negroes for supposed rape we have passed to the flogging of clergymen for supposed pacifism, we have come to inflicting the death penalty for what the momentary mood of a mob may regard as 'disloyal remarks.' From killing white men for not being sufficiently patriotic we pass to killing them for belonging to one kind of union; from killing them for belonging to that kind of union to killing them for belonging to other unions. And we have entered upon a great war in order that frightfulness as a principle may be utterly destroyed among men.[1]

[1] The French Government after the War decorated Negro soldiers for "marked gallantry." The French general who recommended the cross, a soldier not unaccustomed to heroic and skilful military deeds, wrote to his superior: "The American report is too modest. As a result of oral information furnished to me it appears that the blacks were extremely brave, and this little combat does honor to the Americans."

The World News, of Roanoke, Va., says:

"The same newspapers that bring news of this fine heroism that wins honor for our whole country tell of the lynching in Georgia

"Why do I thus call your attention to things about which we Americans do not care to talk? As a means of minimizing the abominable crimes of Germany in Belgium? God forbid; but that we may be fit to act as judges when the time comes; that we may be worthy to administer justice; that we shall be able to distinguish it from vengeance.

"What is the most serious thing about these facts that most of us refuse to look in the face? Let us not deceive ourselves by imagining that they are committed by criminals, by people in their nature debased, violent, and cruel. The serious thing is that they are done by the kindliest and most humane people on earth; by our fellow Americans—not, I would have you notice, by new-comers, but by Americans of many generations, and mostly of pure Anglo-Saxon stock: for the South is mainly that.

"Now that my friend Mr. Scott knows who were the authors of that abomination just described, he will not draw, he will not want you to draw, the conclusions which he begged us to. And he will be right. We cannot treat the American people as he wanted us to treat the German—as beyond the appeal of the ordinary human instincts, because of their crimes to the Negro race, or their own. It is upon our souls that we have for generations subjected to lifelong humiliations an unarmed and defenceless people—a people whose very presence here is due to the offences of our race. Our just anger is fired

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of three members of this same race, one of them a woman, suspected of murder. Of course there was no excuse for this, as the courts are in full power and operation in Georgia. Equally, of course, nobody will be punished. We have been trying it now fifty years, and after hundreds of such murders there is hardly a record of a conviction."

at the oppressions of, say, the Alsatians and the Lorrainers. But the position of this 'conquered province' of ours, this subject people, many times more numerous than the inhabitants of Alsace, is very much worse than that of the victims of German tyranny.

"Alsatians at least have an equality of social treatment; they at least are not excluded from hotels and restaurants, do not have to travel in special cars, nor go to special parts of the theatre. The position of Poles and Czechs and the other subject peoples of the enemy is bad; and we are right to fight to make it better. But their humiliations—mainly political and not civil or social at all—are as trifles beside the daily and hourly humiliations and sometimes the terrors and the dangers of *our* subject people—a people who have never fought us, never been in arms against us, never sided with our enemies, never attempted to subvert our government; never challenged its security by political agitation or rebellion.

"Our conduct in this matter is an evil thing. But it does not make us an evil people. And the German, who will cite these cruel and unjust violences as showing us to be not alone a barbarous but hypocritical people, will be wrong. But shall we be guilty of the same error in his case? Shall we say that as a matter of policy we must refuse to deal with him as an ordinary human being?

"But if the lynching does not tell the story of the American, does the Belgian atrocity tell the story of the German, in this war, or the part of the story that concerns us most?

"For, after all, it is the strength of Prussianism, not its weakness, which is the real menace for us—or will

be the menace if we fail to take due account of it. And its strength consists, not in its evil cruelties, oppressions, and lusts, but in the loyalties which, notwithstanding, it somehow manages to attach to itself. If it were nothing but crime and cruelty, it would not greatly menace us, for it would perish of its own weakness. The thing which should concern us also is that men die gladly for it, and we shall never deal successfully or wisely with it until we understand in some degree why that is. And so, while we must not forget these offences, I do not believe that we serve either justice or political wisdom in treating them as though they were the only important thing in the enemy's character—or that of themselves they justify the conclusion that the ordinary motives of mankind will not weigh with them. And again I ask you to weigh that question, not that you may do the Christian thing, but that we may do politically the wise thing.

"We are approaching now a decision, more pregnant of good or evil, for whole generations of unnumbered millions, for the whole world, than any which democracies have ever been called upon to make. How shall we prepare our mind and spirit for that responsibility? Shall it be alone by stories like that which I have read you—the stories chosen, however, being not of ourselves but of the enemy? Is that all that we must do for our intellectual and moral preparedness for that great event?"

You will see, of course, that Father Cassidy had let *his* feelings run away with him. During the course of this oratory the Reverend Septimus Scott realized immediately his patriotic duty. Without delay he telephoned the police and the department of justice, and

it suffices for this history to state that Father Cassidy's own case is refutation enough of his own disloyal insinuations. For he was not lynched. His sentence of ten years' imprisonment was certainly lenient when we remember that a Vermont clergyman that same year received a sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment for a much less heinous form of pacifism. The Press agreed that severer punishment might well have been imposed.

VI.

THE MECHANISM OF PRESS DEMAGOGY

It is nothing new in our society for a large economic interest to become linked to the maintenance and encouragement of some common human weakness. The position of the liquor traffic at certain times will occur to one as a typical case. There has grown up in recent years another great economic interest (by its very nature in a position to exercise enormous influence in a much more direct fashion than the liquor trades could) which is pushed, as an indispensable condition of sure and rapid profit-making, to maintain and develop certain passions and weaknesses socially very much more destructive than the taste for strong drink. At no time did we ever see alcohol take such possession of whole nations and groups of nations for years together that governments and people alike indulged in orgies of self-destruction, and drank themselves back to barbarism.

I suggest, not that the Press is the cause of that lack of balance in public judgment which has so often

in the recent past made democracy unworkable (for the cause must include deeply-rooted, anti-social instincts of human nature), but that a certain section of the Press is pushed, as a first condition of its existence, to intensify the human weaknesses which lie at the root of most public folly; to render them more unmanageable, to become the exploiter and developer of immensely dangerous, disruptive forces. This does not, of course, apply to the Press as a whole—"the Press" must include an infinite variety of publications. But it does apply generally to that section which is organized into great industrial combinations, involving capital running into millions, and which must, consequently, in order to pay dividends, maintain enormous circulations at all costs, and so take the shortest of all possible cuts to exciting the interest of all and sundry—factory girls, school-boys, teashop waitresses—in such public questions as may happen to come up.

It is not the question of the shortcoming or folly of a particular owner, a Northcliffe or a Rothermere. If there had been no Lord Northcliffe, the social problem presented by the industry of which he was so eminent a captain would have been no less acute. The problem is not less great in America or in France than in Britain, although the circumstances of newspaper production in the two first-named countries differ in important details from the circumstances of the British industry. It is not a matter of personalities, or particular peoples or groups, but of certain fundamental human forces acted upon in a certain way.

Let us take an illustration.

Here is a Southern community where for a generation lynching has been a scourge; or a French Capital pass-

ing through an anti-Dreyfusard or anti-German Chauvinism pregnant with mischief for Europe; or a German generation infected with a dangerous militarist mysticism; or an Irish population aflame with anti-Popery; or a Balkan with some patriotic hate. We, detached outsiders, see clearly enough that in each of these cases, the group at a given point is not sane. Minds are unbalanced because one part of the facts has been obscured by another part. Yet the popular paper must, at the cost of sacrificing its circulation, still further upset the balance. The Southern paper which, at times of passion on the subject, should be so Negrophile, or a French paper so Germanophile, or a Northern Irish one so pro-Catholic as to bring into prominence the group of facts which, beyond all others, are indispensable to popular wisdom, would inevitably lose circulation as compared with a rival which went on enlarging that part of the fact, already too large, in the public mind, and scrupulously excluded the truths already too much overlooked. A paper which during the War refrained from printing dubious German atrocity stories, could not hope to do as well as one which appeared with alluring tales of German corpse factories. Thus, in the competitive process, a vicious circle is established. Public taste calls forth corpse-factory stories from the ingenious editor; these, inflaming the temper of the public, render that public less able to hear patiently or to give any consideration to the facts which might offset in their minds the effect of the atrocities. The editor finds himself obliged to be progressively one-sided. It is not, be it noted, a matter of expressing editorial opinions, but of selecting the news which the readers shall know. Given the facts which the French

Press have been printing this last year or two about Germany, and England,[1] French policy is entirely reasonable and sane, something which ours would be if we read nothing but what the French have been reading. But the point is that a Frenchman, having to choose between two papers, one that told all the facts and one that told only the selection which went with the grain of his passionate feeling, would, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, choose the one which confirmed his prejudices. No man likes to read a paper which creates an uneasy feeling, by the facts which it relates, that his opinions are unsound and his prejudices mean and stupid: that he is a small-minded fool, in fact.

The Press does not *create* evils like Nationalism or race hatred. What it does is to intensify and fix more firmly the type of character and the state of mind out of which those evils grow and become so dangerous. Precisely when the judgment of the mass is increasingly vital, because vital decisions rest less and less with an authoritative few, and more and more with the many—just at that juncture the Press, which our forefathers had looked upon as the great hope of democracy, acts in the manner described upon the elementary human forces I have attempted to indicate.

The phenomenon is not peculiar to any one country. In America, in England, in France, in Italy, to a lesser extent in Germany and the smaller countries, we see much the same thing taking place—a certain simple mechanism operating to produce a roughly similar type of paper and kind of influence upon the public mind.

[1] Written in 1924.

The nature of the process is everywhere broadly what has been described: if a public has been captured by a given folly or passion—race hatred, or Nationalism, or religious fanaticism, or what not—the paper which hopes to win or retain large circulations must so shape its selection and presentation of news as to appear to confirm the prepossession of the moment. For it is an all but universal characteristic that even the wisest of us likes to read just those facts which confirm an existing opinion, since it is uncomfortable, disturbing, unsettling to have to readjust opinions about such things as, for instance, the wickedness of all Germans and the goodness of all Allies or, in America, the intolerableness of all Negroes; or, in Ulster, the craftiness of Catholics; or, in France, the capacity of the Boche to pay the next term's rent. The fact in human nature here indicated has been the basis of demagogy ever since Socrates declared that no man could hold office in Athens and tell the truth. What is new is the exploitation of this shortcoming by the power of an enormous industry; the working of an immeasurably powerful mechanism in such a manner as to worsen states of mind like those at the bottom of the present welter in Europe. To appreciate fully the way in which that mechanism works, we must take into account a certain psychological fact in addition to the one just noticed. It may be true that, given time, most of us can modify an existing opinion or prejudice in the light of new facts, or facts not heretofore appreciated. But the process of reasoning about facts is slow and rather painful, while the reaction to some stimulus exciting primitive instinct, deeply rooted prejudice, is quick and easy. Any newspaper appealing to the more easily stimulated group

of motives, to first thoughts, will have taken away circulation from a rival before this latter has had time to establish what may be a better case, but one which depends upon rather more reflection—second thoughts. From the point of view of circulation, it is of no avail that the latter should completely prove his case, if that proof should demand any considerable period of uncongenial reading, because it is in that period that readers will go to the rival paper and will never know how right their abandoned one has been. The first result for a *Petit Journal*, which should give an impartial account of the facts of the Ruhr occupation, would be anger at its "pro-Germanism" on the part of its readers. If it were the only paper in France, it could afford to go on giving all the facts, because the second result of learning them would be to make its readers see that a policy framed in the best interests of France would take cognizance of the facts as a whole. But in the present circumstances of the newspaper industry the readers of the *Petit Journal* would have subscribed to the *Matin* long before the necessary conversion could take place. The line of economic least resistance for the popular press is a policy which in fact enlarges the place and power of the first thought as opposed to the second.

Of course the public mood varies and with it the way in which newspapers competitively exploit it; but the Gresham Law which underlies the competition remains the same. When, as during a war, passion has been stimulated to the uttermost, there usually follows a period of emotional fatigue, of boredom with all public questions. There is then set up a competition in the exploitation of triviality and salaciousness; sport

drives out politics; private affairs, like the details of divorce, drive out public affairs; finally pictures drive out reading. Thus the tabloids. When Alfred Harmsworth followed up the Americanised Daily Mail with the all-picture Daily Mirror, Lord Salisbury remarked, "Having invented a paper for people who cannot think, Mr. Harmsworth has now invented a paper for people who cannot read."

Keeping in mind the facts in human nature outlined above, let us consider certain other conditions of successful large-scale, popular newspaper production.

If a paper's circulation is to run to millions, it must include that vast public which "snatches" at its news—the preoccupied clerk reading in the Tube yesterday's history of the world in headlines, the waitress or tea-shop girl getting her views of European politics from the *Sketch* or *Mirror*. The editor must so present politics and public questions—when he deals with them at all—as to catch the attention of that public and make those subjects interesting to it. He has to interest the school-girl or typist, not under conditions of leisure and with rested mind, but in the clatter and hurry of the tram, or in the fatigue and dullness of after work. The typist or clerk may have a latent capacity for sound political judgment as great as that of any other large class; certainly as great as that of the country parson, as the squire or retired colonel who formerly made up so much of the "public." But the modern popular newspaper does not, and cannot afford, for the reasons above indicated, to cultivate qualities which are not only undeveloped, but slow in reacting to cultivation. The selection and presentation of news must be such as will secure the *quickest* reaction from the

very largest number; for circulation success depends, again as we have seen, not on touching those instincts or emotions which are deepest, still less those which are most social and civilized, but those which will respond most rapidly to the particular stimuli which the instruments possessed by the trust enables it to apply.

An important distinction should be noted. There are papers—*The Manchester Guardian* among dailies, and in all countries a number of "highbrow" reviews—that do obviously try to give the whole truth. But if the great newspaper trusts, the vast industrial organizations like the Associated Newspapers, the Amalgamated Press, the Beaversbrook combination, the Hearst Press in America, had to live on the patronage of the class of readers which is prepared to hear both sides, those big concerns would be utterly bankrupt. They certainly could not pay dividends on capital running into tens of millions sterling; their advertising space would not be worth a thousand pounds a page. The industry simply could not exist on a *Manchester Guardian* basis of circulation. The *Daily Mail* or the Hearst Press must make of politics and public questions, as of all other raw material of circulation, something which will catch the attention and interest of the clerk and the waitress. No paper which fails to catch them will attain a million-a-day circulation.

In the eighteenth century, two or three pamphleteers (for example, the Encyclopædists) could and often did profoundly affect events by sheer argument, because a very simple mechanism, a few pounds spent with a printer in a back street, enabled them to reach the effective political public. Public opinion and private opinion were thus very close to one another. But in

order to reach the modern public, the publicist must work through the mechanism of daily newspapers in which millions of pounds of capital have been involved, and which he may not jeopardize.

It does not affect this argument to object, as it is sometimes objected, that the *Sketch* or *Mirror* editor does not attempt to interest his readers in politics. He is interesting them in politics all the time. Every story about the wickedness of Germans, every picture of Monsieur Poincaré being cheered by French crowds, every cartoon revealing the Hun as a sly and cunning fraudulent debtor means the stiffening of a certain attitude to foreign policy; the vast simultaneous puffing of royal personages and fashionable figures means the crystallization of a certain attitude on social questions. And it is just because it is easiest and safest to "work" that kind of political interest that the popular press does create and perpetuate that kind of political mind, make public opinion the thing which we know. Public opinion does not descend from the skies, but is made by a complex mixture of human forces, factors, motives. Systematically to cultivate a more serious type would involve too many circulation risks. If a Hearst makes of foreign politics mainly a series of "stunts" in which a blatant Nationalism fed by a crude Anglophobia is the main "feature," or a Northcliffe keeps up a mechanical repetition of the war-time incantations of Germanophobia, it is not because those things exhaust the emotional or intellectual possibilities of their millions of readers, but because it is to those "stimuli" that the reader reacts most quickly.

This process of playing the first as against the second thought, makes, within certain limits, for intense moral

conservatism. It tends to stereotype such traditional conceptions as Nationalism, Monarchism, social inequalities; and in such changes as do occur, reduces the elements of rationalism and the influence of independent thinking.

Contemporary Conservatives are just beginning to learn the fact that democratic devices—manhood suffrage, referenda, etc.—that used to be regarded as revolutionary, exposing the country to violent change, are now usually factors of fundamental conservatism.[1] Incidentally, they might have learned the lesson from such opponents of democracy as Maine and Bismarck, who both foresaw well that the widening of the suffrage would be a factor of conservatism.

Conservatives, in fact, are proving to be far more successful practitioners of the arts of the demagogue than their opponents have usually been, although we find them again and again becoming victims of the monsters they themselves create. These last years the statesmen of Europe seem to have calculated that the popular passion they encouraged could be disregarded when it had served its turn. They learned better at Versailles and elsewhere. It was evidently true, not merely of "the old Presbyterian," but of that common

[1] Thus the *Spectator*: "Socialists hate the referendum like the plague because they know it probably means an end to all revolutionary schemes. The vast majority, as has been proved over and over again, are not revolutionary. But the very fact that revolutionaries loathe and fear the referendum is the very reason why a Unionist government should make a point of adding it to the Constitution. One of the cardinal rules of business safety is to insure yourself against a great risk when you have the power to do it. Revolution is the kind of incendiarism against which the country ought to take out a good, safe, and comprehensive policy. That policy is to be found in the Poll of the People."
Quoted in the *New Republic*, May 27, 1925.

people about which he talked so much and understood so little, that it is easier to bamboozle than to debamboozle. And if we encourage folly for the purposes of the War, then the policies of the peace must be written in the terms of that folly.

We have this last year or two striking illustrations. One, that touching the history of the indemnity negotiations, is interesting because something similar is likely to mark the history of Europe's debts to the United States. For four or five years the history of Europe has turned upon the questions of reparations: what Germany could pay, how she could pay, the conditions necessary for payment. It was in the autumn of 1919 that Mr. Keynes published his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. It had an immediate effect upon "inside" informed opinion. After certain natural explosions everyone who mattered admitted that here were, broadly at least, the facts. After a month or two no one on the "inside" dreamed for a moment of challenging its major conclusions. Within a year of the book's publication an authority on the subject said: "The battle for sanity in the Reparations matter has been won. It is a closed chapter."

Three years later, nearly four years after the publication of Mr. Keynes' book, the Rothermere Press is engaged in a clamant "stunt" in which every conclusion that had been admitted privately everywhere during those years was simply and purely ignored. The Rothermere Press assumed that for its ten million readers, more or less, all the arguments of those four years, all the facts brought to light, all the changes of policy which those things had involved, had simply never been.

Beyond a few contemptuous references here and there to the "pro-German theorising of long-haired professors," the *Daily Mail* leader-writer paid no attention whatever to the vast literature which had grown up in those four years. And Lord Rothermere, who presumably had learned a few elementary rules from his late brother, is, from the point of view of the Trust Press, entirely right. The ten millions know nothing of those facts or arguments. They constitute second thoughts which have never been sufficiently good copy for the *Mirror* or the *Mail* to deal in. Those papers have adhered to the principle of applying some stimulus each day to a quite simple emotion. On Monday there is a noisy "splash" to the effect that the Government would betray the British taxpayer if it reduced the Indemnity a mark below the figure which Monsieur Tardieu or Monsieur Poincaré demands; if England does not get a large indemnity she is ruined. On Tuesday an equally violent "splash" on the thesis that "if Germany is put on her feet she will put us on our back" (an aphorism many times repeated). There is not the faintest effort made to reconcile these two policies—the policy of ruining Germany in the interests of British trade and of making Germany pay huge indemnities in the interests of British taxpayers. They do not need to be reconciled, if the feelings of Tuesday, in favor of, say, the policy of smashing Germany, can be excited with a sufficient violence and excitement. For the excitement of Tuesday will, of course, smother the excitement of Monday; and the policy of Wednesday, if then a return is made to the policy of Monday, will smother that of Tuesday.

These journalist and newspaper proprietors are not

monsters. They are not indifferent to the welfare of their country; presumably they desire to be public-spirited and patriotic. What, then, is the explanation? Again, it is that they are conscientious business men in charge of very valuable properties, fighting every day the fierce competitive battle of one paper with another.[1] And a paper that is to sell by millions to a population following tiredly day by day dull occupations must be entertaining. Compare, as entertainment for the tired clerk, housewife, bus driver, tram conductor, a paper which reports an International Economic Conference (the very title is fatal) in terms of currency and credit problems, coal shortage and continental transport, with a paper that converts that dull thing into a thrilling "Hun" plot, creating tangible villains, at home and abroad, upon which can be vented emotions stirred and cultivated by the War and of late deprived of a nourishment to which for five years they had been accustomed.

This creation of villains which the virtuous journalist unmasks is not fortuitous; it is an indispensable part of the psychology of really popular entertainment—as witness the character of the popular drama or film. It has not, in the newspaper, any necessary relation to public service or utility. Sometimes, indeed, journalistic necessity must override a certain squeamishness. As one cannot suppose that ennobled proprietors particularly like hounding as "Hun coddlers" quiet folk, guilty of the crime of taking starving children from the streets, one must assume that it is a necessity of a certain type of modern journalism. Again, the Gresham

[1] Perhaps when all the papers are in one trust it will be easier to tell the truth!

Law operates. If your paper is not of that kind, then it will be beaten by one that is. Finally, the sense of what will tickle these particular emotions of the public becomes instinctive on the part of the most successful newspaper owner or editor. He will even, by a convenient pragmatism, defend as sound morality the cultivation of this form of journalism. If the great mass like it, how can it be wrong? Is not the voice of the people the voice of God?

PART II

SOCIAL SECURITY AND THE PUBLIC MIND

I.

DOES PUBLIC FOLLY MATTER IF "THE INTERESTS" RULE?

In certain "high-brow" quarters at the present time there is coming into favor a view of democracy which would seem to carry the implication that it does not matter what the ordinary man thinks or indeed how he votes. The determining forces of society are, we are told, its economic forces. The whole democratic apparatus of primaries, conventions, elections, votes, are in this view mainly a sham. The machine, through its power of nomination is the real master in election ("they who nominate, govern") and the machine is owned by those who find the money for its expensive mechanism. Wealth rules; "big business" is the master; the invisible empire of the interests is the real power. Such is the theory becoming increasingly fashionable.

It is perhaps accepted very often by "big business" itself. The American captain of industry is apt to say: "Political folly does not much matter. We must give the people their circuses, the illusion of rule; let them have this ritual of the vote; but it does not have any effect really. It is the organization of business and industry which has made this nation the most comfortable and economically and socially secure in the world. The politicians have had no part in it except occasionally and temporarily to hamper the work."

And many who take a less complacent view of its

excellence agree as to the distribution of forces. The Marxian, alive to the evils of our present system, will enter the strongest protest against certain implications of the preceding pages. These disasters of the last fifteen years in Europe, this moral and intellectual degeneration are, he will say, the fruits of the capitalist system. Abolish production for profit and all else will be added unto you.

I suggest that both views—the view that because "business runs the country" public folly has no particular importance, and that the "abolition of the capitalist system" (whatever that may mean) would automatically free the mind of man from the kind of error these pages sketch or society from the effects of those errors—are extremely fallacious and dangerous. I suggest, further, these things:

(1) The fact that wealth, capital, was in control of government throughout Europe in 1914 did not prevent those governments from developing policies which resulted in utter economic breakdown and chaos proving fatal to the very securities which capitalism is presumed to value most highly. Capital has not known how to protect its own order.

(2) It shows little signs of profiting by the experience. Its fears, particularly in America, seem to be centered upon the dangers of "bolshevist" disorder, ignoring presumably the fact that the vast economic upheavals and revolutions through which we have just passed in Europe were not due to "bolshevism" or its agitations but to policies promoted by governments dominated by wealth and pledged to its protection, by "law and order" conservatives.

(3) The Marxian view that the wars which produced this economic chaos were deliberately designed by Capitalism for its purposes does not stand investigation, and defies nearly all the facts.

(4) The true explanation is that owners of wealth, the "ruling classes," shared for the most part the fallacies of which they were the victims; and where they did not, but allowed those follies to grow in the hope of exploiting them for purposes of power, were finally obliged to bow to them, because

(5) In times of crisis and excitement a popular passion or prejudice can impose itself upon governments even against the better judgment of these latter and against even the power of wealth.

Let us consider the usual Marxian view first.

The present writer is certainly not concerned to defend the existing economic system. But he has always thought that the central proposition of Marxian economic determinism would be a good deal more convincing if turned the other way about. We get the economic system, like the government, we deserve. It is a reflection of our social weaknesses. To work a fairer system, to achieve the "social revolution," would demand a collective wisdom and discipline that we have not so far achieved and that we shall not achieve by a change in social mechanism, which, when made, we shall still have to work by ordinary human material.

In any case it is time the socialist ceased to attach to his creed the quite unneeded myth that the capitalist has some unexplained interest in the promotion of war. If, in fact, the capitalists, industrialists, bankers, or bond holders of Britain, France, or Germany, really

did plan or promote the European war to advance business then there seems to have been a serious miscalculation somewhere. Compare the relative positions of British and American banking, trade and industry before the war and after; Britain's commercial position in the world before she had destroyed "German competition" and after; compare the value of a German bond-holder's property in 1914 and its value after the mark had finished its debauch; recall for a moment what the German or French or Italian bourgeoisie, the middle and professional classes, have gone through as they have seen the value of their bonds steadily diminish—in Germany and Austria completely disappearing and reducing whole classes to grinding penury; recall the fact that it is on the morrow of victory—not defeat—that British newspapers for the first time in history begin to discuss the question whether "Britain's Day is Done," facing as that country does the gravest economic crisis it has known since the industrial revolution. Did *capitalism* plan all this?

The case can be put very simply. Assume that the thirty odd states of Europe could at last compose their differences, and become a United States of Europe, ending war between those states as it has been ended between the States of North America. Would capitalism, remembering what capitalism is able to do in the United States of America, have less chance of dividends? Plainly it would have more. This means that the "capitalist" is as subject to error about his own interest as other folk; is not at all that being of steel-like brain and capacity which it is the habit of socialists to paint him.

This notion that the political condition which inev-

itably produces war between the separate political units is maintained by "Capitalism" (that is to say the capitalist class as distinct from the nation as a whole) for some unexplained purpose of its own is one of those strange myths that seem to creep into most doctrines—economic, social, and religious. Capitalism, as such, has certainly no interest in international war in general, though certain capitalists may have special interests in certain wars. (Certain capitalists—manufacturers of lymph, say—would have an interest in an epidemic of smallpox. It does not make smallpox a "capitalist interest.") No one will deny, presumably, that capitalism is pretty well entrenched in the United States, where there happens to be peace. If the original colonizers of the continent—French, Spanish, Dutch, Scandinavian, as well as English—had all retained their original political foothold so that where there is one nation there would be half a dozen, you would have had wars on the North American continent as plentifully as you have had them between the states of the South American continent or between the states of Europe. But those wars would have come not because Capitalism would have been stronger—it would have been weaker—but because a new element, not economic but political, nationalistic, would have been present, where now it does not exist.

The comparison reveals the inadequacy of an oversimplified "economic determinism" as an explanation of conduct or a guide for political strategy. The issues in terms of economic advantage are plain enough: if Europe desires to be materially, economically, as well off as America, the former must achieve for herself, consciously, a degree of economic unity which the latter has

achieved by the happy accident of history. Experience says very plainly to Europe: if you would be rich, unify; if you won't unify, you will remain poor. Yet so far Europe, with fierce passion, has preferred nationalist separatism and poverty to economic internationalism and wealth. The powerful motives of conduct here are not economic, but political, nationalist.

It is not the capitalist organization of society, whatever its crimes, that gives us national wars; it is the nationalist order of society. It is that order, indeed, which gives us the Protectionism of the thirty-odd European states which must in the long run militate against the success and stability of European Capitalism.

II.

CAPITALIST GOVERNMENTS AS GUARDIANS OF WEALTH

We have seen the whole of belligerent Europe pass through very grave economic revolutions. It is not merely or even mainly Russia that has suffered. We have seen the greatest commercial empire of the modern world, Britain, so disorganized and shaken as suddenly, within a decade, to give place in financial, industrial and commercial leadership to another; passing through an economic crisis so profound that it is extremely doubtful —and the doubt receives daily expression by its writers and thinkers—whether Britain's present population can continue to live on its soil. We have seen the great middle orders—the professional classes, dependent in a spe-

cial sense upon security of small savings—of Germany and Austria deprived of very nearly everything which they possessed. The Englishman of the middle classes has seen the depreciation in the value of money deprive him of perhaps fifty per cent. in his gilt-edged securities: his government has imposed, that is, a Capital Levy to at least that extent. In France the proportion confiscated is very much greater, while the members of the corresponding class in Germany and Austria have generally lost every penny that they possessed.

It is not surprising therefore that in these countries —in France, nation of the *petit rentier*; in Germany, where the policy pursued by the old order has resulted in a condition which has compelled the retired professor to peddle books and stationery, the ex-army officer or civil servant to address envelopes, the dowager to teach children the piano, in order to get so much as a crust of bread; in Britain, nearly a third of whose population is dependent for daily bread upon some form of "relief"—we should see great nervousness respecting any renewal of economic and social disorder, and the danger of revolution.

And, in fact, everywhere the repression of revolutionary agitation and the means taken to preserve law and order have been panicky, sometimes ferocious.

But there seems to be a complete failure to notice whence these disturbances and upheavals have come. The objective of the repressions and the precautions is usually the socialist, the Red. But these miseries just recited, the commercial and financial chaos, the collapse of money with the consequent disappearance of old people's savings and so forth—these things were not any-

where in Western Europe, either in Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, the work of socialists; they were not the result of socialist policy. They were the work of extremely conservative governments and the result—the inevitable result—of policies which the most conservative of all the parties together with Tory diplomats, royal houses, military chiefs, had done their best to promote.

It is not Socialism which has half ruined western Europe and piled these troubles upon us; it is Nationalism. It is not the pacifists and internationalists who were responsible for the course which ended in utter collapse for the security of great military states; it was the patriotic parties, the National Security Leagues all over Europe. It is these parties who were predominant, it is their policies that were pursued.

Even where revolutionary socialists have actually been able to capture power, as in Russia, the conditions which enabled them to do so were not the creation of socialist agitation, the work of socialist plotters. The conditions which made the revolution were conditions made by war; not by Lenin, but by men of the type of Isvolsky.

One may indeed predict now of modern warfare on the world-wide scale, that it will inevitably on the side of the defeated produce revolution, and on the side of the victors (if their belligerency has been at all prolonged), the absorption and confiscation of savings and any form of property which the method of confiscation known as inflation can reach—forms, that is, like bonds, which the bourgeois and professional order are most likely to possess. One can say further that the organi-

zation for war must involve an increasingly complete nationalization of wealth — its mobilization under a rigid military Socialism or Communism for the purposes of war. And, finally, that prolonged world-wide war must involve everywhere profound social upheavals and, as a sequel, a greater or less degree of social—and moral—disintegration.

Capital and business, the professional and middle classes generally, having been through the experience just recently in Europe, would naturally, one would suppose, desire to eradicate the tendencies and forces which have produced such economic and social disasters, and should be anxious to repress the agitations and the agitators who tend by their influence to keep alive those destructive tendencies.

Curiously enough, however—and it is indeed an astonishing fact to which to bear witness—the business and professional man of Europe seems not at all anxious to repress or discourage the agitators whose doctrines actually have, by their translation into public policy, made it all but impossible for him to live in countries like Britain, dependent as such a country is on an economic internationalism which in the interests of militant nationalism has been torn to pieces. He seems as friendly as ever to doctrines whose outcome has deprived him of his property, often destroyed his home, killed his children, and so shaken his social order generally that it is extremely doubtful whether Western civilization can now survive. The revolutionaries who actually have brought about that upheaval and are now busy planning for the next one, reviving the doctrines and policies which produced the

last, are regarded by the average business man with the completest complacency. He looks with an entirely favorable eye upon such agitations. And not only that. He often—and this is true of America too[1]—reserves his hostility for those who attempt to prevent a repetition of the revolutions and civil wars which began in 1914. He admits that that vast upheaval was the natural result of the anarchistic basis of international life, of the fact that nations live with one another in "a state of nature," each a law unto himself with no organized society to give order and system to their relations; but any attempt to remedy that anarchy immediately excites his deepest hostility. Any attempt to reform it as a step to the prevention of international disorder and its resultant ruins is met with contemptuous epithets—"pacifist," "internationalist," "socialist."

[1] An American spectator of European conditions bears witness to the fact here dealt with. *The New Republic* (June 4, 1924) says: "It is a curious fact that the most conservative political parties are never safe guardians of the interests of property. In Germany and in France the extreme Right stands today, as it has stood ever since the war, for policies that make for the decay of private property. They are against the Dawes plan, against trade with Russia, against a sound fiscal policy. In England it is the 'Socialistic' Government which is pushing the interests of British trade. The extreme Tories look coldly upon MacDonald's efforts to compose the Franco-German quarrel and to extend the market for British products in Russia. Our own extreme Right, led by Mr. Hughes, not only opposes American recognition of Russia, but frowns upon British and French moves in that direction, being quite unaware of the fact that the success of the Dawes plan is premised on the opening of new markets for the increased volume of industrial exports. With the best of will towards property interests the extreme Right gets squarely in their way. Its defect is one of intelligence stunted and distorted by too rigid an armor of abstract principles. The moderate radicals do not love property interests so devotedly, but their intelligence is usable. That is why property interests find it advantageous in the long run to come to terms with them."

III.

WHO ARE THE REVOLUTIONARIES?

This curious blindness of whole classes to what has taken place under their noses, the relation of their miseries to the policies which they have supported and continue to support, is stressed because, without considering it, we cannot pretend to answer the question, "What makes Revolutions? What causes financial and economic breakdown?" or to deal with the danger of those things. The outstanding facts of Europe's history this last fifteen years, as we have seen, give some very definite replies to those questions. Defeat in war is almost certain to cause revolution of one kind or another; a predisposing factor so enormous that in its absence mere "agitation," the talk and writing of small groups of reformers could certainly never of themselves produce revolution, however powerful they may be as factors of an evolutionary process. Engagement in war, even when victorious, is certain to cause vast economic and financial disorder, and certain, as we noted in the last chapter, to dispossess in greater or lesser degree the holders of all forms of property which can easily be mobilized for military purposes; certain indeed to involve some form of military Socialism or Communism—the nationalization of the country's whole resources for the purposes of its struggle. The extent and intensity of these things are progressive. As the last great war was more marked by them than any of the preceding wars of modern times, the next great war will be still more productive of ruthless autocracy, followed by still more ruthless revolution; of financial and economic

chaos, scarcity and famine; the breakdown for a long time at least of any form of order at all.

In that condition the preachers of violence flourish. There takes place inevitably a contest of rival violences, it being of course a gamble as to which will ultimately come out on top.

I am not aware that anyone who matters challenges the fact that these things constitute a serious risk of modern war on the grand scale. In view of what we have all seen with our own eyes these last ten years, it is hardly possible to challenge the fact.

It will not do for the classes that have seen their order wrecked, their property confiscated, their industry brought to paralysis by the chaos of war settlement to say that it is all the result of forces outside themselves like the climate, the earthquake, the rain. "*Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin.*" Neither the war nor the peace descended from the skies; both were the result of human wills. The war itself was the inevitable result of the fact that the nations insisted upon living in anarchy. We should not expect a society of persons to be able to keep the peace if they insisted that there should be no government, no laws, no legislature, no courts, no police; that each should be a law unto himself, his own judge of his own rights. Those troublesome and burdensome institutions are the price that we pay for civilization, order, peace within the state. If we are to have order as between the nations (and if we do not have it there we shall not now have it anywhere for long) we must create some corresponding institutions. If we are to have a society we must make one.

But whenever any attempt in the past has been made

to set up an orderly international society to end the international anarchy, those attempts, as already noted, have been met by the bitter hostility of the conservative elements. By those elements, "Internationalism" has usually been treated as the equivalent of treason; been subjected to scornful derision and unscrupulous misrepresentation.[1] Labor and socialist "revolutionaries," on the other hand, have been far more sympathetic to internationalist tendencies. Indeed, it is one of the chief charges against them that they are prepared to qualify absolute Nationalism by the recognition of international obligation. As to the impracticability of such degree of European unity as would lessen the chances of war-made chaos and revolution, that impracticability arises precisely from the fact that nearly the whole of the old political order have heretofore not only refused to make any real effort in that direction, but deliberately crabbed such efforts as were made. If the great ones of the earth had resolutely supported those efforts, they would not have been unpractical at all; they would have been certain to succeed.

There lies before me as I write the bulletin of one of the numerous "protective" associations of America created for the preservation of "Americanism, Religion, Morals, and Property" from the assaults of such revolutionary organizations as the Quakers and the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches (these subversive organizations are mentioned by name.) Another of these Associations is even more specific and gives a long list of persons and organiza-

[1] The present author knows by painful experience whereof he writes in this connection.

tions described as "actively working for the destruction of Christianity, civilization and government in America" if not indeed also for "weakening the moral fibre of the people by advocating free love between the sexes."[1] From this list it is quite evident that any attempt, however cautious and conservative, to get away from the old international relationship of completely independent and sovereign states—which of course is another way of describing a condition of complete anarchy —any attempt at popularizing the method of arbitration or international courts; any move even towards international friendship, is enough to brand those making the attempt as "making part of the poisonous stream of Pacifism, Socialism, Bolshevism and Anarchy." In this classification, the non-resister Quaker is lumped impartially with the class-war Communist; Jane Addams and Hull House are as mischievous as Bill Haywood and the I. W. W. It is explained that the organizations which "profess to be devoted to peace and justice and freedom and heaven knows what else" are in fact "rotten to the bone under their smooth exterior. . . . The real purpose of their existence is to provide recruiting stations for extreme radicalism." [2]

I select from the list published by this Association a few of the organizations to which the description just cited presumably applies.

The Association publishes a list headed: "Pacifists, Socialists, Communists, I. W. W. and Doubtful Socie-

[1] From the Official Publication of the Industrial Defence Association, Inc., No. 1, Vol. 1, September 1926.

[2] Official Publication of the Industrial Defence Association, Inc., Oct. 1926.

ties and Organizations Operating in the United States." The list includes the following:

The Society of Friends, the Foreign Policy Association, The World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, World's Friendship Information Bureau, American Peace Society, American School Peace League, World Peace Association, World Peace Foundation of Boston, American League to Limit Armaments, Friend's Disarmament Council, International Committee of Women for Permanent Peace, International Conference of Women at the Hague, International Federation of Students, Fellowship of Faiths, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Fellowship of Youth for Peace, Association for International Conciliation, Association to Abolish War, Buffalo Peace Society, Society to Eliminate the Economic Causes of War, The National Women's Peace Party, League for World Peace, National Council for the Prevention of War.

To this is added a list of "Socialist and Communist Societies in Schools and Colleges" being as follows:

Barnard Social Science Club, Berkeley Divinity School, Boston School of Social Science, Bryn Mawr Liberal Club, Bryn Mawr Summer School, Dartmouth Round Table, George Washington University Free Lance Club, Harvard Student Liberal Club, Hollins (Virginia) Student Forum, Hood College Contemporary Club, Manhattan School, Meadville Theological School, Miami University Round Table, New York University Law School Liberal Club, Northwestern University Liberal League, Oberlin College Liberal Club, Park College Social Science Club, Radcliffe Liberal Club, Sanford University Forum, Social Problems Club of Columbia University, Swarthmore Polity Club, The Smith College Liberal Club, Union Theological Seminary Contemporary Club, University of Chicago Liberal Club, University of Colorado Forum, Vassar College Political

Association, Wellesley College Forum, Western College Forum, Workers' School, Yale Liberal Club.

The hysteria which this sort of thing connotes—and of which the government itself gave signs in its orgy of Red expulsions some years ago — is another curious manifestation of the refusal or inability to see the self-evident and an extreme capacity to see the non-existent. That the nationalist tendencies in western society not only can, but actually have under our eyes created vast economic upheavals is plain by the events of ten years. The people who are so nervous about dangers see none here at all. But in the theory and policy which has been nowhere successful (for even in Moscow the tendency is for a rapid reversion towards the capitalist method; the revolution has not imposed Socialism), they see unimaginable dangers. Touching the activities of a little group of fanatics in Moscow and the risk of their dominating American civilization—an event about as likely as its domination by the inhabitants of Mars—at the thought of that, even grave cabinet ministers apparently can tremble. While it is possible apparently to make the flesh of millions of Americans creep at the mention of the plotting of the Pope o' Rome, or the Elders of Zion, they applaud in their own countrymen activities which, before their eyes, have half ruined Europe. It is easier to make hard-headed—but Klan-ridden—Americans afraid of Lenin or the Pope than to make them afraid of provocative and Jingo newspapers or politicians.

So that we do in fact, as one of the peculiarities of the public mind (for the phenomenon is universal), arrive at this outrageous paradox: Bitter experience of

one ever present danger cannot awake any large number from their indifference concerning its recurrence; an extremely remote danger raises many to a positive frenzy of terror, prompting them to take, in that terror, the precise measures most likely to bring a repetition of the old evil, and to make the new one they fear at least possible, if anything could.

For it is certainly true that in countries like Britain, if not at present in America, the great changes produced by the industrial revolution and the shrinking of the world may demand considerable changes in political method and social organization. Britain can certainly save herself (as this present writer has tried to show)[1] if she proves herself capable of rather radical adaptations to changed conditions. If revolutionary conflict comes it will be due not to the influence of agitators who in the absence of favorable conditions are almost helpless, but to the inflexibility of conservatively minded rulers who may direct policy at just the moment when change and modification may be necessary. One of the changes which are indispensable for the preservation of Britain's economic position in the world is of course some economic unification of Europe, which will do for Europe what the economic unity of the forty-eight states of North America has done for that continent. In a world running on such lines there is a place for England; in a nationalistically organized one there is not. Whether that change can be brought about will depend upon whether we can preserve the habit of considering change rationally. The point is worth a further word or two.

[1] See "If Britain is to Live" (Putnam) and "Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road?" (Noel Douglas, London).

IV.

SOCIAL STABILITY AND FREE DISCUSSION

For good or ill, we have brought into existence—largely through inventions, the full social import of which we do not recognize when we first adopt them—a form of society which is a rapidly growing and changing thing. The England which the day before yesterday was self-sufficient has become almost in a generation something fed from the other side of the world. Yesterday the work-shop of the world; to-day with rivals all about her. Yesterday the creditor of the world; to-day heavily indebted to nations that have been bred from her loins. Yesterday an island with the sea which girts her about a sure defence; to-morrow, when the air rather than the water is the highway of the world, an island no longer. And one change leads to many.

To meet these changes so that the people of Britain can adapt their lives to them without misery and catastrophe implies a readiness to meet new conditions with new methods, new policies, new loyalties, if needs be. It is those who refuse to face the fact of change and the consequent need for new social and political instruments, who treat as heretic and traitor those who would modify the old ways of thought and feeling and action, and fling at them silly words like "Socialist," "Bolshevist," "Pacifist," "Internationalist"—it is those who refuse to yield to aught but force who are the true artisans of revolution.

It is not merely a question of whether those in possession will make this or that particular concession to the have nots—what the latter demand may in particu-

lar circumstances be unwise—but whether as a nation we in Britain, for instance, have any policy, any plan at all, for meeting entirely new conditions; or whether, with heavy stupidity we take the line that the principle of isolated, individual, unco-ordinated effort which was good enough for our grandfathers is good enough for us, and that we intend to muddle through. In that case, confusion and chaos will creep over the nation bit by bit, it may be almost imperceptibly. Each year will see rather more disorder and difficulty than the last. It may well be that there will be no catastrophic "revolution" at all, just a lowering of standards, a lowering of efficiency, a general social failure like that which marked some brilliant civilizations of the past. It was not a revolution that destroyed Rome, nor a plot of nefarious aliens, and the stroke of the barbarian was only fatal because the thing he struck was already moribund. Revolution indeed, as we have seen, may be beneficent—one's view on that depends upon which side of the barricade one happens to stand. But chaos, confusion, drift, are never beneficent. If, as Bacon says, "truth comes out of error more easily than out of confusion," we may certainly say that social salvation can more easily survive the honest errors of too ardent reformers than the indolent inertness of those to whom the old ways have given comfort; than the refusal to adopt new ways, the complacent acquiescence in increasing inefficiency which are the symptoms of decline and dissolution.

This is true in only slightly less degree for America. For the latter country the problem may be deferred for a generation. But ultimately it will confront America as it confronts the rest of the world. And when it does, the same conditions of success in meeting it will hold:

if the public has learned the habit of considering now and again a new political method; can get, as in foreign affairs, an outlook adapted to conditions which have changed out of all recognition since Washington lived, the change can be made without disturbance to social security, as part of the orderly development of society. But if the public mind remain fanatically and bitterly hostile to the tiniest modification of old ideas and methods, subject to panics, fed upon prejudices and animosities, governed by hysterical catchwords, or a silly terror of certain names, then the changes will occasion conflicts involving disorder, injustices, miseries, violence, and hate.

And there is only one way of course in which a public can fit itself to judge of new ideas and proposed changes, rejecting the bad and preserving the good, and that is by developing a certain type of mind, a "way of thinking" as Seeley puts it. And to that type and attitude of mind one thing is indispensable—discussion. We used, indeed, to call democracy "government by discussion." In that indispensable thing we have all but completely ceased to believe. The growing dislike of discussion is serious because the capacity for it, by which we are able to consider with sanity a new idea in social or political relationships, is not easily acquired; it is of slow growth and can only be preserved by practice, patience, and vigilance.

We are abandoning our professed belief in the need for discussion, without noticing the change. We are returning once more to the principle of authority in belief although we are applying the authority now to political instead of religious belief. We even embody our fears of

discussion and our new attitude towards it in treaties. Russians may be admitted for purposes of trade if they will sign an undertaking not to make public mention of their ideas for fear our true political faith should be tainted; school teachers must subscribe to the true doctrine. The truth is that the public as a whole have never, through their education, been made to understand the case for intellectual freedom of discussion. There is no general realization of the fact that without such free discussion and the habits and disciplines which it sets up, public opinion in a democracy never can be sane and understanding, capable of good collective decisions, never can be anything but violent-minded, subject to panic, unbalanced; now naïvely Pacifist, now just as bellicose; now lynching anyone who does not "stand behind the President," later all but lynching anyone who supports the policy which that President favored; now clamorously supporting Leagues to Enforce Peace ("with teeth") now repudiating even participation in an international court.

Is it fantastic to suggest that these violent oscillations are due to the lack of that exercise which every student of human thought from Socrates to Mill or Graham Wallas has recognized as indispensable to wise decision? For a vast public, subject to the forces of simultaneous suggestion embodied in press and movie and radio, to be deprived altogether of the discipline and corrective of "hearing another side" is inevitably to render it intolerant, extreme, unbalanced.

The case for freedom of discussion is usually put upon wrong grounds. Its importance does not arise from the necessity of respecting the "rights of minori-

ties." It matters little that a small number of people should be deprived of the privilege of airing their views. The real reason for free discussion is the need of the majority for hearing the other side as an indispensable element in the development of sound judgment. We are always forgetting this because men have naturally no liking for intellectual freedom, for listening to the unpleasant person who may tear up our anchorages and put us to the bother of finding fresh ones. We naturally desire to see the dissemination of such views restrained, and we do not readily believe that any good can come of their expression.[1]

The need for this discipline increases in direct ratio to the increasing complexity of our social arrangements. The very fact that we must have more and more unity of *action*—regimentation, regulation—in order to make a large population with many needs possible at all, is the reason mainly which makes it so important to preserve variety and freedom of individual thought. If ever we are to make the adjustments between the rival claims of the community and the individual, between national sovereignty or independence and international obligation, between the need for common action and the

[1] It is not possible to make the ordinary moral man understand what toleration and liberty really mean. He will accept them verbally with alacrity, even with enthusiasm, because the word toleration has been moralized by eminent Whigs; but what he means by toleration is toleration of doctrines that he considers enlightened, and, by liberty, liberty to do what he considers right; that is, he does not mean toleration or liberty at all; for there is no need to tolerate what appears enlightened or to claim liberty to do what most people consider right. Toleration and liberty have no sense or use except as toleration of opinions that are considered damnable, and liberty to do what seems wrong.—(Preface to "The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet") George Bernard Shaw.

need for individual judgment, if ever our minds are to be equal to the task of managing our increasingly complex society, we must preserve with growing scrupulousness the right of private judgment in political matters. Because upon that capacity for private judgment, a capacity that can only be developed by its exercise, depends the capacity for public judgment, for political and social success, success, that is, in living together in this world of ours, most largely and most satisfactorily.

The truth of which I am trying to remind the reader is not precisely a new discovery. It troubled Athens some centuries before Christ as it does us nearly twenty centuries after.[1] For it is one of those truths that our

[1] We might profitably recall what Socrates told his judges:

"I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against God by condemning me, who am his gift to you. For if you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the state by God; and the state is a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the state, and all day and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel out of temper (like a person who is suddenly awakened from sleep), and you think that you might easily strike me dead as Anytus advises, and then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives; unless God in his care of you sent you another gadfly."

And Socrates tells us of the impossibility of an honest independence of mind in the public life of the Athenian democracy:

"Some one may wonder why I go about in private giving advice and busying myself with the concerns of others, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the state. I will tell you why. I am certain, O men of Athens, that if I had engaged in poltitcs, I should have perished long ago, and done no good either to you or to myself. And do not be offended at my telling you the truth: for the truth is, that no man who goes to war with you or any other multitude, honestly striving against

primitive passions are perpetually smothering. If the great truths were not in this way repeatedly being smothered we should not have just finished fighting the ten thousandth war of history—the previous ones, of course, having been fought to establish a "lasting peace," though they do not seem to have been notably successful in that respect.

It is not the mind of the heretic which suffers most, as Mill has reminded us, in the suppression of heretical opinion. He says:

> The greatest harm done is to those who are not heretics but whose mental development is cramped and their reason cowed by the fear by heresy. . . . It is not solely or chiefly to form great thinkers that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much and even more indispensable to enable average human beings to attain the mental stature which they are capable of. There have been, and may be again, great individual thinkers in a general atmosphere of mental slavery. But there has never been, nor ever will be in that atmosphere an intellectually active people. Where any people has made a temporary approach to such a character, it has been because the dread of heterodox speculation was for a time suspended. Where there is a tacit convention that principles are not to be disputed; where the discussion of the greatest questions which can occupy humanity is considered to be closed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has made some periods of history so remarkable. Never, when controversy avoided the subjects which are large and important enough to kindle enthusiasm, was the mind of a people stirred up from its foundations, and the impulse given which raised even persons of the most ordinary intellect to something of the dignity of thinking beings.

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the many lawless and unrighteous deeds which are done in a state, will save his life; he who will fight for the right, if he would live even for a brief space, must have a private station and not a public one."

That used to be the basis of the English and American theory of government. It is our political faith no longer. We do not now believe that freedom of discussion matters. President Wilson, among others, saw this trend; and how seriously he regarded it, some of his writings show. Here are just a few passages:

For a long time this country has lacked one of the institutions which freemen have always and everywhere held fundamental. For a long time there has been no sufficient opportunity of counsels among the people. . . . I conceive it to be one of the needs of the hour to restore the processes of common counsel. . . .

What are the right methods of politics? Why, the right methods are those of public discussion. . . . We have been told that it is unpatriotic to criticize public opinion. Well, if it is, there is a deep disgrace resting upon the origins of this nation. This nation originated in the sharpest sort of criticism of public policy. . . . The whole purpose of democracy is that we may hold counsel with one another, so as not to depend on the understanding of one man, but to depend upon the common counsel of all.[1]

Every man should have the privilege, unmolested and uncriticized to utter the real convictions of his mind. . . . I believe that the weakness of the American character is that there are so few growlers and kickers amongst us. . . . Difference of opinion is a sort of mandate of conscience. . . . We have forgotten the very principle of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices, if it be necessary to re-adjust matters.[2]

If this change of attitude cannot be truly described as a legacy of the war, the war accelerated the tendency.

[1] *The New Freedom.*

[2] "Spurious vs. Real Patriotism," *School Review,* Vol. 7, p. 604.

"Indulge and sanction those passions which lie at the root of intolerance," I wrote in a dark hour of the war, "and we shall have a community in which difference of opinion is no longer possible, in which dominant groups will use their power to coerce political opponents or a hostile social or economic order. And that will be the end of democracy. Without toleration, so unnatural to man, so slowly and painfully developed, there can be no democracy that is not inefficient or tyrannical, or both.

"This curious transformation of feeling—which is bringing us to hate the very qualities we used to be proud of—is shown particularly in the virtual abandonment of a tradition upon which, but a year or two since, we were apt to look as the foundation stone of all we most valued in our political life; that upon which the great movements of a thousand years of English history have been built: Freedom—of the person, of the mind, of conscience, of speech. If we surrendered these things with evident regret as a dire necessity of war, one could look on the matter with some hopefulness. But no one can honestly pretend that we enforce these measures against pacifist newspapers or conscientious objectors with regret. To appeal now to an ideal which has animated generation after generation of Englishmen in the past, which dethroned kings, upset dynasties, brought the country to civil war, which drove the most stalwart among our stock to the renunciation of the fatherland and exile in a new world, provokes now only impatience and derision, particularly, perhaps, among the official guardians of conscience. The pillars of organized religion have taken an attitude which is one of open hostility to those guilty of so inconvenient a thing as invoking the categoric imperative. There are more

Englishmen in jail or suffering crippling civil disability to-day [1] 'for conscience' sake' than, perhaps, in any period of the Test Acts, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of us are not even aware of the fact, and would probably deny it."

And England's record in that respect, bad as it was, was better than America's!

[1] Written in 1918.

PART III

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

I.

IS DEMOCRACY POSSIBLE? THE FALLACIOUS DEFENCE

Is democracy possible at all?

It depends what one means by democracy. If one means that there is any device by which, in a society like ours, real power by means of votes shall be equally distributed among the entire adult population, the thing can never be realized. If we imply by it some such broad generalization as "government by the majority" the direction of the actual business of administration thereby, the thing is equally impossible. If we imply that an intricate apparatus of party fights, primaries, elections, conventions, caucuses can result ultimately in anything but control by a small professional class and the interests behind them, again we must admit that the idea is irrealizable. By such means the "rule of the majority" in the normal ordering of political control can never be more than a sham.

But there is a sense in which the rule of the majority is a very real fact—some would add, unhappily. Where the majority view expresses itself, as it so frequently and disastrously does, in deep prejudices, national animosities, religious fanaticisms, in wide-spread emotions, enthusiasms, hostilities, those things have to be taken into account by the rulers, those things indeed rule. The very rulers, the "controlling interests" themselves become subject to those psychological forces. Those

forces are part of the Public Mind. And it makes all the difference in the world to the security of society and its well being whether that public mind is more or less wise. The degree of its folly is the factor which may determine the difference between disastrous collapses of civilization with all the attendant miseries, or an orderly development and transformation.

To be explicit: The choice which during the nineteenth century caused European society to remain organized on a national rather than on an international or cosmopolitan basis, was a democratic choice. There was in every nation a very definite preponderance of feeling for retaining national independence. This nationalism may in its origins have been the work of a minority—poets, orators, historians, writers, what not, causing the majority to have that feeling and outlook. But that the majority did come to have that outlook and that feeling there can be no doubt. As we know, powerful governments like the Austrian and German have been smashed by it or have had to yield to it. There are many other respects in which fundamental features of social organization, the way of life, are an expression of what one may fairly call the general will. The attitude of the white population of the Southern States to the Negro is another instance in which obviously there is such a thing as a general will. And it is supremely important that collective decisions on such matters as nationalism in relation to world organization, the color problem, religious toleration, should be good decisions instead of bad, making, that is, for a workable and secure rather than an unworkable and insecure society.

Democracy then, as used here, means that form of political society in which the collective will is recog-

nized as the basis of government, its expression being organized through appropriate apparatus.

Much of what precedes in this book is an attempt to bring home the shortcomings of the Public Mind, the collective decisions of democracy. That attempt has been made because only by realizing the extent and nature of public folly can we hope to make democracy a success. To go on saying: "The Voice of the People is the Voice of God" with the implication that the "people" are "naturally" right, is to be as guilty as the navigator who should say: "There are no reefs in the ocean that I need bother about." From that moment, the reefs become a deadly danger to his ship. The navigator who says: "Why of course there are reefs: I have them marked on my chart and I know how to avoid them" has robbed those traps of nearly all their danger.

The hope of democracy lies in fully realizing the truth that the voice of the people is usually the voice of Satan.

It is an astonishing fallacy, this notion that one who believes in democracy must believe in the innate, "natural," political capacity of the ordinary man; must share the Gladstonian "trust in the people." This view involves, of course, the conclusion that, since the people must be broadly right, the main problem of democratic government is to secure a correct register of the popular will. Hence the emphasis which is thrown upon such devices as referenda, recall, direct election, extension of franchise, proportional representation. If only, we seem to say, public opinion could express itself freely in public policy, we should have the best guarantee that we can provide against oppression and bad government.

This belief in the natural political capacity of the

ordinary man has, of course, at all times been widely challenged. It is widely challenged to-day. But to challenge it, to reject "trust in the people," is taken as equivalent to rejecting the belief in democracy as the best form of government. If you believe that the political capacity of the ordinary man of the modern world is necessarily very feeble; that collective decisions are subject to vitiation by all sorts of emotional irrelevancies and the public apt to be misled in the interpretation of the plainest facts; if you believe that the voice of the people is at times certainly much more the voice of Satan than the voice of God—then, obviously, the general conclusion is that you cannot support democracy as the basis of government. If the facts show that decisions made by the populace are faulty, the usual conclusion is that we should not rely on popular judgment, but should turn to some alternative method, autocracy, aristocracy, dictatorship.

But suppose that those alternative methods reveal the same faults, and, what is more to the purpose, are themselves dependent in the last analysis upon popular decision? In that case, we are thrown back upon popular judgment as the only refuge. I am suggesting that the true view is this: (1) that the "natural" tendencies of popular judgment are extremely unreliable and faulty; (2) that there is, however, in the long run, no alternative to popular judgment as the basis of government; (3) that we can, by the right social disciplines and educational processes—things which are not "natural" at all, but highly artificial—correct and guide the natural tendencies, but only (4) if we recognize clearly the necessity of so doing.

In the discussion of Democracy *versus* Autocracy, we

get pretty much the situation which we used to get in the old discussion about reason. In an earlier age, it was thought sufficient to show the fallibility of reason in order to justify its rejection as a guide of life. "Reason is untrustworthy: men should not reason." And elaborate reasoning has been presented to prove by reason that we should not be guided by reason.

Reason *is* untrustworthy, but as it happens to be the only thing by which we can test authority, intuition, instinct, or other alternative guides of conduct, and choose between good and bad, we should cultivate assiduously this tender, weakly, but indispensable plant. To disparage it, to declare its cultivation unnecessary or evil, is to throw overboard the compass of the ship because it is "so small and feeble" compared with the sixty thousand horse-power developed in the engines underneath. In the same way, if we say "The general public are silly, emotional, trivial-minded, irrelevant; let us therefore take government from them and entrust it to the dictator," we shall then have made it ultimately impossible for the dictator himself to govern wisely.

II.

IS DICTATORSHIP THE SOLUTION?

It is implicit in what has preceded that we do not solve the problem of public folly by resort to dictatorship because the dictator too is dependent on public opinion, must conciliate, or bamboozle, or bow to a strong public feeling, a passion or a folly; and further that the conditions of dictatorship render the development of pub-

lic wisdom more difficult, and the development of public folly more probable than under those forms of government we describe as "democratic."

Let us examine these propositions. What makes a dictator? If the unknown John Smith round the corner were to go into the street and shout, "I am your ruler, obey me," the only thing that would happen would be his carrying off to the asylum. No man can impose his rule on millions by the strength of his own arm. In order to rule, a dictator must have the support of an army, or a party; the obedience of a governing machine, a police, a bureaucracy. If he cannot depend upon his commander in chief, who may—as is so often the case in Spanish-American dictator-ruled republics—have his eye on the dictatorship himself; or if the commander cannot depend upon his officers; or his officers upon their men; or the peasants are firmly resolved not to produce food for a dictatorship whose policy does not please them,[1] then the dictator finds that he cannot dictate, that his position will be threatened by some rival dictator. (The dictatorial Trotsky has had to yield to Stalin.) In other words the dictator must have with him considerable or powerful sections of the public, which is all that the government of "democracies" can usually boast.

Just as Lenin's Communism has had to bend before

[1] As was the case in Russia at one stage of Lenin's government and was a fact before which Lenin promptly bowed, as he did also, throwing overboard by that act most of the Communist doctrine, to the determination of the peasants to keep the land as private property. The most ferocious governmental repression in the modern world could not defy the public opinion of a peasant country on that subject. See the present writer's "Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road?" (Noel Douglas, London) for an elaboration of this point.

the determination of a nation of peasants to keep the land, Mussolini's apparatus of popular representation is already becoming as elaborate and far-reaching as that which he destroyed.

Nor is it difficult to see why these things happen. Life to-day in the West is dependent upon the daily maintenance of a complex mechanism—railways constructed in relation to certain imports, exports, manufactures, which in their turn are affected by such things as the bank rate, foreign exchanges, the stock markets, taxes, insurance rates. The management and co-ordination of these things is more and more necessarily the work of technicians and experts. Our Mussolinis may dictate the imprisonment of this critic, the assassination of that rival politician. (The public reflects: "One politician the more or less. . . .") But the dictator cannot dictate the rate of exchange, or the real price of food. In order that his power shall have effect in that field, he must do certain things about the bank rate, currency, tariffs, new loans, taxation, railway charges. But *what* things? Raise the rate, or lower it? Deflate the currency, or inflate? Stiffen the tariff, or relax it? Dictatorship! But dictate what? To be sure of that he must get at the facts, necessarily hearing many sides, listening to the representatives of many diverse interests; he must judge between conflicting claims, correctly interpret the statistics. Even if something which is in fact, whatever we may call it, a parliament, plays no part in that process, a bureaucracy will. And a "bloody dictator" in the hands of a bureaucracy is apt to be as comically helpless as anybody else in such a situation.

But there is another sense in which dictatorship is

dependent upon popular wisdom, upon being able to secure the intelligent and understanding consent of the people as a whole to whatever law or regulation the government may decree. Less and less in our society can these regulations be ensured by coercion. As the tasks of civilization become more complex, coercion of those performing them becomes more difficult. A certain law operates here. If, in order to secure the performance of the necessary task, he who does it must be endowed with knowledge, tools, freedom of movement, he can use all those things to resist the claims that are made upon him, if they do not meet with his approval. In other words, to the degree in which he is powerful to perform the difficult task, he is powerful to say that he will not perform it, if it does not please him. His consent must be secured. More and more must he be party to a bargain. Very simple services might be compelled by coercion. You can get sugar-cane cut by the threat of the slave-driver's lash. You cannot, as I have pointed out elsewhere, get your appendix cut in that way. It is no use threatening the performer with pains and penalties if he does not operate successfully. You may not have the last word on the subject. We have a situation in which either side can produce deadlock; neither side achieve its constructive object—get things done—by coercion. And this is as true for the revolutionary as for the reactionary.

In the old days, before the machine era, physical revolution had a fair chance of achieving its economic and other objects. The serfs on an estate, if capable of common action between themselves, could, by slitting the throat of the feudal lord, take his land and divide it among themselves. The transfer of property could

be made thus in fairly simple circumstances. But a railroad, for instance, cannot be transferred from the shareholders to the workers in quite so simple a fashion: the payment of the wages at the end of the week out of a revenue which was inadequate would still present problems which neither dictatorship on the one side, nor "more democracy," nor "a better expression of the voice of the people," on the other (unless there is knowledge behind that voice), could of itself solve. The working of a railroad is itself a fairly complex task; but in the circumstances described, it would mean not only working the railroad, but co-ordinating it to that mass of economic and social activities touched upon above. It is true that perhaps the most effective method of all is for the workers to hand over certain of these problems to a committee or person of "autocratic power"; in other words, for "public opinion" to *agree* to accept that method. But again, that puts the autocrat at the mercy of public opinion, since without that decision of public opinion he is helpless.

We are apt to talk of the oppression from which a people suffers, in a given case, at the hands of a tyrant or a tiny minority, as though the mass were held in physical subjugation by a single person or a small group. But obviously something other than physical force enters in, because if it were a case of the opposition of two forces, the people as a whole on one side and the tyrant on the other, the physical force of the former, if used, would be absolutely predominant. A single tyrant, or a court clique, or a few dozen or a few hundred persons (even though they be capitalists or financiers) cannot "hold down" by physical power "groaning millions," because obviously the preponderance of phys-

ical force is on the side of the millions. A five or ten or fifteen per cent oligarchy or aristocracy cannot overcome the power of the ninety-five or ninety or eighty-five per cent, as the case may be. The popular picture then of Tyrant *versus* People, in which the "people" are ground under the heel of the tyrant, helpless victims, that is, of the tyrant's *physical* preponderance, is plainly false. The tyrant can only impose his physical power by getting at the *minds* of the people, either dividing them, by setting up one group against the other, or by taking advantage of an existing tradition, and by means of it securing an acquiescence in autocracy on the part of the people. The Kaiser ruled Germany as the Czar ruled Russia, by virtue either of a semi-religious attitude on the part of the mass (as in Russia), or a popular acquiescence which amounted at least to the absence of any feeling of hostility sufficiently active to prompt resistance (as in pre-war Germany). But if there form in the *minds* of the people a decision to withhold such acquiescence, or to resist; if tradition lose its power, as veneration for the Czar lost its power in Russia, or the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings in Western Europe, the monarch, oligarch, autocrat, dictator is shorn of power owing to this moral or intellectual change. What a Czar or a Mussolini depends upon is a tradition or habit of thought, "public opinion," on the part of the mass: a readiness, or at least a tendency, on the part of a thousand peasants in a village to obey the orders of two elderly officials, or of a thousand soldiers in a regiment the orders of half a dozen officers. As soon as this tradition—this particular public opinion—disappears, the power of the officials, or officers, or aristocrats, disappears.

The great dictators and autocrats — from Caesar and Napoleon to Mussolini and Lenin—have been demagogues, knowing that in the last resort their power rested upon their popularity, or upon their being less unpopular than any available rival. And autocracy itself is able to govern wisely and well only to the extent that the governed are wise enough to distinguish between good dictators and bad, or good policies and bad.

To that, of course, one might retort: The fact merely makes Dictatorship a form of democracy. Why then should the democrat worry?

Well, a lynching party is as democratic as a court of law, but the latter is to be preferred as the better form of democratic trial. And the case against Dictatorship is that the circumstances of that type of rule tend to make public wisdom more difficult than ever; to increase the dangerous elements in the public mind and repress the better. It is bad alike for the ruler and the ruled; for the irresponsible party that is entrusted with power, for the irresponsible public that submits to it. The assumption that autocracies, aristocracies, "upper classes" are less subject to the worst of the prevailing follies of the public mind is one that the facts, particularly the facts of recent European history, in no way support—as the earlier pages of this book reveal. It is there shown that by far and away the most mischievous of public follies, those which are most responsible for the world chaos, are even more prevalent among the upper than the lower orders.

The violent chauvinism, which more than anything else has been a disruptive force in Europe, has been almost everywhere especially accentuated in the upper and "educated" classes. The influence of the aristocra-

cies and oligarchies, political and economic, has on the whole been used to worsen the bad popular tendencies, to exploit them rather than to correct and guide them to good ends, especially in such things as Nationalism, the tribal hates that threaten the very existence of European civilization. We fear the "mob" and its revolutions, confiscations, economic disturbances, social disintegration. But in the last fifteen years, as the previous chapter attempts to show, the most destructive exhibitions of the mob mind—and the most economically disturbing, incidentally—have been on the part of the aristocracies, autocracies, oligarchies. The financial revolutions in which lifelong savings of millions of patient, quiet folk have been all but swept away in the dodgery of inflation and the riot of paper money, were not, either in Germany, France, Austria or Italy, the work of the Bolshevists. They were, as we have seen, the work of "realist" statesmen of the old type, swearing by law and order and stability; sometimes of autocracies and aristocracies, buttressed by venerable churches and ecclesiastical authorities, by capitalists who have lived to see their order all but wrecked by the policy they support.

The excuse which these governments sometimes offered—and generally with justice, as so many of the documents here given show—was that they were as wise as their peoples would let them be; that not to make war, to suffer "national affronts" rather than make it, to make a workable peace which their critics would have interpreted immediately as letting the enemy off, would have turned votes against their party and so put a still worse government in power. But that only brings us back to the point of departure. The mighty could not

rise above the popular mind. More generally than not, indeed, the mighty shared its limitations.

III.

THE USELESSNESS OF POWER WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE

It is clear from what precedes that the main need of democracy is not now physical power but knowledge, wisdom.

Current thinking about political machinery is dominated by an error due to importing into modern conditions the attitudes of pre-democratic time. Popular representation was first conceived as a means of establishing a balance of power, of checking the tyranny of authority, as an instrument for enabling the mass of the people to resist privilege. The Barons, Cromwell, the authors of the Reform Bill sought an instrument of power.

But what we need to-day are instruments of knowledge, whereby the public, distracted by a multitude of counsellors, may know who speaks most nearly the truth.

In so far as a class or caste secures tyrannical power in modern government it does so by trading upon the confusion and ignorance of the public mind. The public's helplessness is due to its own divisions of opinion as to the means by which its interests should be protected. One section says it is defrauded by the tariff; another that it would be ruined but for the tariff; a third that "an appalling crime of spoliation" is com-

mitted by the bankers through their control of gold, and that silver should also be monetized; other sections retort that this would rob us all and produce economic chaos; a fourth party swears that nothing can save us but the Single Tax; a fifth nothing but "the abolition of the whole capitalist system"; a sixth that a wider distribution of private property would save us; a seventh wants "consumers credits" as the panacea; an eighth indefinite inflation; a tenth a "time currency"; an eleventh wants the army and navy abolished; a twelfth wants them increased; some are sure that economic internationalism is indispensable to salvation; others that intenser nationalism and the imprisonment of all internationalists alone can save us. . . .

There may have existed a time when "the people" had a common purpose and when the problem of freedom was a problem of giving them power as against the power of a privileged class; when privilege and exploitation rested upon the possession of sheer physical predominance in the state. But if you could devise a plan which would distribute power in a strictly accurate fashion as between the groups enumerated you would then very successfully have produced utter chaos and complete paralysis.

The problem of democracy has therefore changed. The main need which faces the voter to-day is not one of securing power, but of knowing how to use that power when he has secured it. The outstanding lesson of Moscow, the lesson which shouts at us, is that the worker will be no nearer the New Jerusalem by virtue of his dictatorship unless he knows what to do with the dictatorship. Moscow, despite all its power, its dictatorship, the ferocity of its terrors and repressions, has reverted

rapidly to what is in fact private property and capitalism because the indispensable of working a more socialized form, the knowledge of how to do it, was lacking. You may have "power" over your motor car in the sense that with your crow bar you can smash it to pieces. Much good may the power do you. If these tools that give you the power are to enable you to make the thing go, you must have a knowledge of its mechanism.

IV.

NEW TOOLS NECESSARY: SOME SUGGESTIONS

It has been pointed out in the earlier pages of this book that the device which was sensible and workable in Athens or in the America of George Washington—the device of the adult population choosing by their direct vote the rulers of their village or small community, collecting on the village green for the purpose and passing upon the qualifications of men they had all known intimately all their lives—becomes an uproarious farce when applied to a Chicago or New York where millions pass upon the rival merits of hundreds of candidates whom they do not and cannot know, for offices of whose functions they are completely ignorant. If democracy means that everybody must vote upon everything, then democracy plainly is a physical impossibility in the modern world.

It is curious in this connection that one of the very oldest of democratic devices—trial by jury—is based upon the recognition that the individual citizen cannot

himself pass upon every issue in which the state is concerned; that he must delegate his task, and that the best form of choosing those upon whom the responsibility is thrown may not be by voting at all. When we are faced by this problem of determining the guilt or innocence of an accused person we do not say "the truly democratic way is to put it to the mass vote of the people"—as we do when we have to decide as between Protection and Free Trade, or the need for new battleships, or the possibility or desirability of collecting debts owed by a foreign state, or the precise obligations involved in Articles X and XVI of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Our first decision in the case of the jury matter is that we cannot possibly decide. But that is followed by the recognition of certain other things particularly suggestive in this connection. Let us tabulate the principles which are involved in this ancient and characteristically democratic device—none of which we have so far managed to apply in any degree to the greater assize which we call an election. The method recognizes:

1. The people as a whole cannot possibly judge the questions at issue, and they must therefore

2. Delegate the job of decision, recognizing that

3. They are as little able to judge who would be the most suitable persons for the job as they are to decide the issue itself. They therefore

4. Reject the method of voting or selecting those charged with the job of decision and make the choice by lot.

5. They recognize that unless certain precautions are taken against the human shortcomings of those charged with making the decision it is

not likely to be a true one. Provision is consequently made for

(a) The "moral isolation" of the jury, isolation, that is, from mob passion, the pull and bias of partisanship;

(b) The hearing of both sides before the casting of votes;

(c) The sifting of the evidence by methods and rules which experience has shown to be necessary;

(d) Provision of expert assistance in the interpretation of that evidence;

(e) Expert statement as to its relation to the law.

Badly as these principles in practice may be applied, we recognize that only through some such precautions could we hope to get a verdict which would have even remote relation to the facts.

If we were to apply to the jury the rule which we seem to apply to political democracy generally, we should say: "This method of settling the question by twelve men sitting in secret is a most undemocratic procedure. Let us have a referendum. Let twenty million voters (not having heard the evidence, using the occasion for the indulgence of any irrelevant passion that may be uppermost) decide this matter. The sound sense of the plain, blunt man. . . . The great heart of the people. . . ."

We seem to think that such trifling matters as currency and the tariff, the control of trusts, the economic organization of our life, peace and war, are either matters which touch us less than the question of which of two thugs killed the third (that has been known to

occupy state machinery for years and absorb hundreds of thousands of dollars) or can be settled so much more easily by the hurried barber with his ballot paper in the booth.

It is the first of the principles enumerated above which is perhaps most worth attention: the recognition by the public of what it cannot know or decide. In the tribal or clan stage of society it may be possible for the whole community to take direct part in the judgment of offending members, just as in the America of Washington's day it was a feasible arrangement for the whole community to take part in the selection of officials chosen to administer the village or rural township. But we have recognized that in the domain of law administration the public of vast modern communities cannot make certain decisions of details. The public then limits its decision to that of passing upon general results and checking those who have control in the light of those results.

That principle must be extended. Its general validity has been recognized in the increasing resort to the commission form of government for cities. In effect the citizen in applying that method has said: "I cannot possibly know which of these ten or fifteen names submitted to me on the ballot would make the best sheriff or city engineer or chief of police. But I can tell over some period of time whether my city taxes go up or down, whether the water is polluted, whether I or my friends are held up by the gangsters and robbed of pocket-books. I shall therefore delegate this task of choosing officials and supervising their work and watch the jury or commission who have the job in hand and judge them by the general results which I am able

to appreciate. Then if those general results are unsatisfactory I will change the jury and get another. The power so to change the jury I want to be easily exercisable."

The efficacy of the whole thing depends upon the capacity to judge general results, sometimes for the purpose of deciding between rival experts. That must be a matter of education, the development by educational method of a sense of evidence, some knowledge of its rules, the way in which our tempers and instincts are apt to make us misapply those rules. Of that more presently.

But the principle must in some way be extended from the mere appointment of city officials and their supervision, to the determination of certain facts. As things like tariff and currency and foreign debts and trusts and price-fixing and farmers' credits become more complicated, it must somehow be made possible for the distracted citizen to turn to an impartial authority and say: "Give me the facts about the foreign debts. What are the alternatives and the issues involved? I don't want a clever demagogue to catch my vote and entrap me into a wrong course by my natural dislike of increased taxation or defaulting foreigners. And give me the facts on a post card." [1] At present there is no provision for helping the voter to do in politics what he has to do betimes in his private affairs, as, for instance, when he is confronted by the problem of submitting to an operation. It is an expert question. But

[1] Mr. Walter Lippmann in his admirable and authoritative book "Public Opinion" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe), suggests more elaborate machinery for meeting the problem of public ignorance and vague-mindedness. Mr. Lippmann's book should be studied by all interested in the discussion of this aspect of the question.

it is put before him in some such terms as these: "The mortality in operations is y; without operation, x; your constitution is z per cent good; B's record as an operator is above—or below—the average." We already have technicians—Life Prolongation Institutions to say nothing of doctors themselves—who will furnish information on a highly technical subject in such a way as to enable the non-technical to come to a decision on the facts. We have nothing corresponding to that for political decisions.

Even here, however, a beginning is being made. We are beginning to make of our Citizens Organizations, Voters Leagues, Clubs, what not, a means of getting impartially at the facts, particularly in the records of candidates. We are by this means creating a jury to whom we can refer the case for judgment. An old campaigner in American politics writes:

> Government persists largely outside of its political forms. Our associations, leagues, trade councils, federations and what not control Congress and the legislature, dominate public sentiment and make Presidents climb the stick like jumping-jacks, quite outside of constitutional rules and formulas. Studying our Constitution may soon be a purely academic research into an archaic document. We have at the moment a government of a predatory plutocracy which is striving earnestly to be a benevolent despotism and to check its ravening instincts. But the checks come not from the Constitution, not even from politics, but from trade organizations, the social clubs, the Rotarians, the national Chamber of Commerce, the manufacturers' associations. All these, more than laws and political platforms, are manicuring the bloody nails of the tiger that lurks in the jungle of our hearts.[1]

[1] *New Republic*, November 24, 1926.

But such bodies are of course non-expert and non-impartial on many of the subjects with which they deal. The committee appointed by the Woman's Club may be able to look up the records of candidates for municipal offices and eliminate those with prison sentences, but when it came to deal with problems of currency, the tariff, trust-busting, the public ownership of water-power . . . it would be as lost as the individual voter. While the Chamber of Commerce and allied bodies, with somewhat greater competence, would hardly be called impartial.

For certain practical and material things modern life has brought into being "authorities" which, though originating as mere private concerns for the making of profit, have developed something of the detached impartiality of a court of law and may fairly be described as actuated mainly by public interest. A medical association, though made up of men whose economic interest is to have sickness as widespread as possible, could on the whole be trusted in any counsel it might give touching the public health. When it points out a danger thereto it is not usually plotting to add to public sickness for the sake of fees. Keynes has pointed out that in the domain of economics something similar is taking place. The general trend of private corporations, when they have reached a certain age and size, is to approximate to the status of public, that is "government," corporations. This is the case with the stock exchanges, the greater banks, the railways, the greater insurance companies, etc.

What has happened here is that the shareholders are almost entirely dissociated from the management, with the result that the direct personal interest of the latter

in the making of great profit becomes secondary: the general stability and reputation of the institution are more considered by the management than the maximum of profit for the shareholders. "The extreme instance perhaps of this tendency in the case of an institution, theoretically the unrestricted property of private persons, is the Bank of England," says Keynes. "It is almost true to say that there is no class of persons in the Kingdom of whom the governor of the Bank of England thinks less when he decides on his policy, than of his shareholders. Their rights, in excess of their conventional dividend, have already sunk to the neighborhood of zero. But the same thing is partly true of many other big institutions. They are, as time goes on, socializing themselves."

Is it too much to hope that the detachment from considerations of profit which a concern established for profit has been able to achieve might be duplicated in another field; so that a jury of, say, professors of economics, could be trusted by the public to be sufficiently detached from bias and prejudice to state, simply and understandingly, the truth as to the considerations involved in an issue of the tariff or of currency?

If the public is agreed as to what it wants—assistance of industry at the expense of farming, say, or of farming at the expense of industry, or an estimate of a balance between the two—the experts can help at least to make the conditions plain.

What is needed is illustrated by the recent financial troubles of France. Government after government failed because demagogic politicians were able to excite popular prejudice in the nation, completely uninformed on

currency, against some indispensable element of reform. Obviously the ordinary French voter has no interest in deliberately bringing his country to ruin—though to the outsider it looks at times as though this were his object. He simply cannot penetrate the fog. He should be able to turn to some trusted authority, as a Catholic would turn on a question of morals to his church, and say: "What must I do to be saved," and get an answer that he has reason to believe will be an impartial one and true.

During the war several of the belligerent states had what was usually known as a Consumer's Council in touch with the Economic Council appointed to deal with nationalized production and distribution. The consumer whose mind is exploited and trapped by vote-catching and prejudice-mongering "representatives" sadly needs such an aid in normal times. Its relationship to the consumer should be that of a man's attorney paid to watch his interests, to notify him when those interests are assailed and betimes to counsel action concerning them. Two or three "attorneys" of this kind who knew their business could do a better job of protecting the consumer's interest than a mob of "representatives" of the politician type selected by the usual electoral method. One advocate who knows his job can state the case of a hundred million consumers a great deal better than five hundred Congressmen or Parliament men who don't know what they are talking about, and not a dozen of whom have ever troubled to master the elements of economics.

Let us summarize.

The first step is to simplify the voter's job. We must not put upon him a task of judgment which he cannot

reasonably perform. If the American voter did his whole civic duty under the present system he would do nothing else. If he is relieved of what he cannot possibly do, he will have a greater chance of doing better what he *must* do if democracy is to exist at all. We should limit his task of political judgment mainly to passing upon general results. He must be able to decide if he is getting what he wants in the way of government and, if not, to know who is responsible.

If he is capable of knowing what he wants; of knowing what he cannot decide and what he can; of judging between experts in terms of results and experience as he would have to do in the case of deciding upon a surgical operation for himself; and if he has institutions for helping him in his job of judgment, it will then be best to give him as simple and effective control as possible over his political servants.

But all depends upon his capacity to judge general results. If he cannot do that, if he is incapable even of knowing what he wants, of seeing the most evident operation of cause and effect as it goes on before his eyes in his daily life—then he will always be the helpless puppet of forces outside himself, his blind instincts being indeed part of those forces; and we can do nothing for him.

How far can education help him?

V.

CAN WE EDUCATE FOR INTELLIGENCE?

A Certain incident of the Titchborne case seems to give pretty accurately the measure of reasoning com-

monly used in public affairs. It will be remembered that the claimant was proved pretty conclusively to have been, not the son of the wealthy landowner he professed to be, but the village butcher, who, after long absence, was using his knowledge of the family affairs to put up a plausible claim. In the course of the case, the curiosity, interest and finally the sympathy of butchers throughout the land had been aroused by this plucky battle of a butcher against the wiles and wits of lawyers. So, when the case went against him, the Butchers' Association (or some such body) raised a fund—to which thousands, I believe, subscribed—"in order that a British Butcher should not be done out of his rights by a lot of damned lawyers."

It sounds extravagant to say that if nations as a whole were capable of seeing through fallacies as simple as that which underlay the action of the Butchers' Association most of the disasters in Europe these last fifteen years would not have occurred. But it would not be far out to use that illustration as the measure of the degree of reasoning commonly employed in determining public policy. Here is Mr. Churchill telling, as a "self-evident proposition," a large gathering of Manchester business men that there is one sure road to peace: to be so much stronger than your enemy that he will not dare to attack you. The business men applauded, and only one out of hundreds had the hardihood to ask whether that was the advice Mr. Churchill gave to the Germans. The self-evident proposition comes to this: Here are two nations or groups likely to quarrel. The one sure way for them to keep the peace is for each to be stronger than the other.

Three hundred Members of Parliament, by memorial

to the Prime Minister, demand (in effect) that Germany shall for half a century export money but not goods. Since Germany has no gold mines the demand reveals not one degree more of ratiocination than that displayed by the loyal and honest butchers who came to the rescue of their comrade in the Titchborne case. The mercantilisms which mark so much of European policy hardly ever rise above that level. The logic of the nationalisms is still worse. Nearly every nationalism where feeling runs high is clamantly demanding for itself rights which it immediately declares to be wrongs when made by others against itself. If all the nationalists of the world could for one week be a little introspective; look objectively for a moment at the worth, in terms of human well-being, of the values for which they are ready to set the world ablaze, three-fourths of the dangers to the peace of the world would by that fact disappear. But an unexamined and unquestioned emotion stands in the way, just as unexamined fears made the old witch hunters and punishers impervious to the meaning of the facts beneath their feet. In the history of witchcraft trials, one often found vast erudition, the fruits of ages of literature, long and learned disquisitions, expert treatment of logic and evidence, acute reasoning at certain points. Yet all that learning missed the decisive piece of evidence which required no learning to see, which was indeed self-evident. Was this old woman able to call upon unseen powers in order to make herself invisible, to pass through solid walls, to smite those whom she did not like with disease, injury and death? Obviously, if she was able to use such powers, she would use them to render her judges impotent to send her to death. But that piece of evidence,

visible every day of the trial as the old woman stood before them, it never occurred to the judges to consider.

Can the thing which was lacking in the case of the butchers, or Mr. Churchill's audience, or the three hundred members of parliament, or the average nationalist, mercantilist, or protectionist, or in the case of the witch judges, be brought out by education? Educationalists cannot tell us. A magazine debate between two most eminent psychologists and educationalists has just taken place on this very question, "Can Education increase intelligence?" Professor William McDougall of Harvard University says emphatically, "No!" Education, he says, can give us tools like reading, writing, and arithmetic which will help us in the battle of life, but it cannot make us intelligent. I. A. Richards of Magdalene, Cambridge, says education *can* increase intelligence, which he takes to be a name for various influences which may favor or thwart a man's power of dealing with new situations. Much of the debate is taken up with the question of what we mean by intelligence and reveals the fact that the experts differ in the widest possible way on the fundamentals of the whole question.

We may take comfort in the fact that in part of the area we have surveyed some progress has been made. Somewhere Montaigne, who of course did not believe in witchcraft, argues with great plausibility for the conclusion that men would never liberate themselves from the unseen terrors of that superstition. "For note," he says in effect, "what is taking place in this modern, civilized, intellectual France of ours in the sixteenth century. Here are judges who have before them the case of an old woman who is accused of having changed

herself into a fox for the purpose of stealing other people's chickens. And these educated men, having spent a life in studying the laws of evidence on the subject of witchcraft, after deliberating on this case for six weeks decide that she did change herself into a fox and so steal the chickens. Now if this is possible with an educated man whose business it is to know what is evidence and what is not, how can you ever expect that the busy artisan or peasant or bourgeois will have leisure or cultivation sufficient to be right where these judges and lawyers were wrong?" That is a plausible argument. Yet we know as a matter of fact that in this particular field at least men have shaken themselves free from these terrors and misapprehensions. Their intelligences operate more smoothly and readily. The veriest school-boy, if asked the question which of two events was more likely—that the old woman really did turn into a fox or that the village gossips were mistaken—would reply "instinctively," as we should say, that of course the village gossips were mistaken. But how is he, unlearned, untrained, able to be right where the learned judge of an earlier time was so wrong? Largely because in this field, authority no longer forbids the observance of the conditions of truth which have already been enumerated: the demand for evidence, an objective attitude, the application of the inductive method, the liberation from pre-existing prejudices. But whatever the cause, the fact remains that, here at least, the uninformed mind can easily be right where once great learning and culture still left it hopelessly wrong. And we may be permitted to hope that what has been done in one small field could be done for the human intelligence in a larger field if we could put

our finger upon the most potent factors of conduct.

Whether in fact education can help men to think and apply their intelligence to social problems is a question which organized education is only just beginning to ask; much less answer. A debate like that between Professors McDougall and Richards reveals the fact clearly. All have to have certain tools like the three R's; it has been for a generation or two extremely profitable to know something of the nature of matter; men have been entertained by literature and interested in religion and philosophy; and a gentleman must know how to speak correctly and, if he likes a few flourishes, quote Ovid in the original. But no one who, until yesterday, had examined the method and subject-matter of the education of our children would have the hardihood to suggest that that education has been devised with a view to strengthening what might be called the social judgment of the rising generation, to giving its members a capacity for seeing readily how one fact in the life about them is related to other facts, how society functions. In shaping our education, certainly we have not said:

> Since we are so made that our minds fall continually into traps in judging even the plainest things, so that we come to wrong conclusions about self-evident facts, education should aim, first, at correcting this tendency, at training the ratiocinative processes, strengthening the sense of evidence, making plain to the growing mind what are the conditions of truth, developing a scientific spirit in dealing with the everyday affairs of life, enlarging, in other words, the capacity to recognize truth when it stands before us.

Can education do anything towards it? Professor Richards thinks so and lets fall a hint or two:

Faced with a problem, which is *toto coelo* new, which has no resemblance at all to any of our past experience we should all be equally baffled. The greatest genius there has ever been would fail as certainly as the most benighted idiot. Finding the point, in short, is a matter of bringing the results of past experience to bear upon the new situation through some similarity between them. Some people find this more difficult to do than others because the kinds of features which can recur have never been disentangled from those which do not recur. In other words they have no power of generalizing. Now this trick of generalizing, which a good mechanic shows as clearly as any mathematician, is something that can be taught, although it is to be feared that much which is called education makes no attempt to teach it. An educator who can make his pupils see that all their work is an exercise in *thinking*, who can keep alive their interest in how they think rather than in the odd peculiarities of what they are thinking about, can really increase their intelligence—their power of handling new problems.

Now it is surely this "trick of generalization," of being able to see the relation of one fact to another, to see how the things we know already bear upon the problem that is demanding solution, that education not merely does not particularly encourage but, either designedly, or by its circumstances, distinctly discourages. It does so, for, among other reasons, these:

(1) The process of endowing a child with those tools of reading, writing, arithmetic, present it mainly with a problem of memorization in which casual relationships have nothing to do. The alphabet goes from A to Z instead of from Z to A because it does, and there's no good arguing about it. Remember it. This sets up the habit of regard-

ing knowledge and education as "learning things," not thinking about them.

(2) What is true of the tools, is true of the way in which, in the early stages we inculcate the moral code. The child must do this and not do that because they are the commandments given from on high. Not only do we fail to encourage questioning, we fear to permit it: to imply that we are not quite sure as to what is right and what wrong would, we feel, "weaken moral authority." These commandments are not to be thought about, questioned, in the light of our knowledge of facts, they are to be obeyed. Habit of establishing casual relationships still further diminished.

(3) Our exams and other tests still give a tremendous premium to the memorizer of isolated facts and impose a handicap upon the ratiocinative type. The type of student that should have devoted, in his consideration of American history, much thought to the ethics of revolution, slavery and democracy; who could outline pretty well the forces which led respectively to the revolution and to secession, but who could give no dates, could not name the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who got his presidents and battles mixed, would risk coming out far below the pupil who had all his facts, dates, events, battles, names, properly memorized. We are still far from having obtained general recognition of the truth that this latter type of education is nearly worthless. The persistence of the traditional exam is in part due to the fact that for the first type of knowledge there is

no agreed and easily applied positive test; for the second there is. The student either knows his dates and his battles or he doesn't. An examination machine of that kind can be made fool proof.

(4) We think that the type of pupil who is a "mere speculator," arguing about ethics or the psychology of revolution, and the rights and wrongs of secession, and neglecting the chronology and the persons and events, tends to become lazy and talkative, ill-disciplined; ill-trained for real work or learning.

Let us note a point or two in the above. No. 1 represents tendencies that we cannot well avoid. We are obliged to impose, whether we would or not, a mass of rote matter on the child at a very formative age. The process necessarily tends to atrophy the speculative, reflective, ratiocinative qualities. At a later stage, when whys and explanations, causes and effects, might enter very much more, the same tendency remains accentuated. Examinations must be passed. To pass the examinations, certain things must be learned: the names of capitals, mountains, kings, parts of speech, books of the Bible, Latin declensions—all things the learning of which consists in memorization. To the degree to which the pupil shows a tendency to want to know the why and wherefore, to speculate, he tends to forget his names and dates, the lengths of his rivers and the heights of his mountains and the rules of his Latin grammar, and to become an unreliable pupil liable to get ploughed, an intolerable nuisance to his teachers. Education of the character with which we are familiar is extremely easy of organization. Immediately one

gets away from the method of authority and mechanical memorization, one is landed in a method of education much less easy to test, much more difficult of regulation, something in which the criteria are much less definite. The need for standardization, and for something which can be run by governments and public departments, is all in favor of the first as against the second method. It is so much easier for the teacher if some definite criterion of his work can be established. Does the boy know his irregular verbs, or does he not? It is easy to find out, and if the boy does not know them, to keep him in until he does. I once asked a quite distinguished professor in a German university how he could possibly grade the merits of a dozen theses, since each might have a merit differing from and incomparable to the merits of the others. He replied: "Well, the first thing I do is to verify the footnotes, and if I find any inaccuracy, I throw it out"—an excellent means of putting the most stupid at the top, since the biggest fool, having no other recourse, would make sure of the accuracy of what he copied from others.

No adequate educational reform can be carried into effect by the educationists themselves. They are compelled to furnish certain results demanded not merely by the parents, but by the whole system under which we live. In the case of the national schools, the "instruction" must be of a kind which the inspector or examiner can easily test. In the case of a pupil intended for a profession or the university, certain examinations have to be passed at certain times, and that pins the teacher down pretty rigidly to a predetermined curriculum and time-table. ("Do you *never* think about these things?" said once an American professor wearily to his girl

student. She replied aptly enough: "Professor, if you had a schedule as full as mine, you would know that it allows no time to think about anything.")

There is still a reluctance on the part of the academic mind to recognize a curious but undoubted truth touching the human capacities. The type of effort which is common and which is obviously easy to develop is that of intense industry in minute research, the patient and painful learning of great masses of data—all the attributes of a specialist. Our success in physical science—in the handling of matter—is sufficient proof of that. Our advance here over the ancient and particularly the Greek world is enormous, incalculable. But there is no corresponding advance in that quality which in the schoolmaster's world seems to be regarded as sloth, a lazy, ill-disciplined quality—the capacity to think out the bearing of the common facts of life as a whole, the capacity for an everyday social philosophy which shall prove workable in practice. That kind of quality is obviously rare, and presumably difficult to develop. We can produce a thousand experts—anatomists, philologists, historians, bacteriologists, mathematicians, engineers, electricians—to one Bernard Shaw. Few things more than war reveal the relative prevalence of the two qualities. In the research into matter—in the application of scientific knowledge to gas, power, aeroplanes, submarines, medicine, explosives—every nation produced past masters. And those masters were usually ardent supporters of the more outrageous political policies of their respective nations. No nation produced more than a few isolated individuals who desired to know the object, in terms of human welfare, of all the effort in the science of killing and how the ultimate

object was to be achieved; who kept their heads and proved themselves capable of seeing facts which as soon as passion had died down everybody saw.

We could perhaps bring home this difference between our progress in the management of matter on the one side, and the lack of any corresponding progress in the management of human relations on the other, by imagining an Athenian visiting London or New York. Let him go into a modern newspaper office with its mechanical equipment of printing presses delivering a million to two million copies of a large modern paper within the course of a few hours, communicating within a moment or two with the other side of the world, listening in London to the actual voice of a man speaking in New York, delivering to millions in London words pronounced in Washington only an hour previously, transmitting even the speaker's picture through the ether. All this, the Athenian would conclude, is the work of Olympians, of Gods.

But then let him read the editorial discussion of some social, political, or moral issue, at, say, a time of a general election, or when one nation happens in a fit of Jingoism to be in conflict with another. Let him weigh the considerations invoked by rival candidates at an election, examine the quality of a modern treaty of peace, listen to the charges and countercharges of two sides in war; let him have an hour's chat on some problem of ethics or morals with the editor of a great popular newspaper. "Are these," he would ask himself, "the Olympians, the Gods that have accomplished these miracles that I have just witnessed? This popular editor with his italicized leading articles, crudely appealing to base passion, suppressing one half of the

facts, distorting shamelessly the truth—he is no fitter to decide a question of ethics or morals than we in Athens were two thousand five hundred years ago." In the sense of evidence, in other-mindedness, in a general understanding of human relationship, of mutual obligation, in none of these things, indispensable for life together, would that Athenian, so amazed at the wireless and the electricity and the flying, find London in advance of Athens. And not alone the popular editors, but the very lords of science themselves would have revealed this same contrast.

Yet, on the face of it, it would seem that right judgment in ethical and moral questions, judgments which are about everyday things, based upon facts known to us all, the great commonplaces of life and human nature, would be so much easier to grasp than knowledge of the elaborate science of the atom and the electron and the bacterium, with all the toil and labor that it implies.

But evidently it is much more difficult to produce wisdom in everyday things, to get the great commonplaces right, than to be an expert in recondite subjects. The qualities needed for the latter—industry, application, patience—can look after themselves very much more than the schoolmaster would seem to think. The qualities demanded for true judgment about social and political conduct—judgments about large general issues which as citizens we are compelled to make—qualities which imply ratiocination, a certain capacity for speculation, open-mindedness, other-mindedness, "logic," the capacity for individual judgment, these plainly require a special nursing.

There is a further point. Is it to the vested interest

of the teacher and the academic authority to make knowledge really accessible to the public? Philosophy ought to be a thing of the market-place to guide the lives of all of us, and the essence of learning should be as accessible as possible, but is it to the interest of the teacher so to make it? The case is put by Professor Schiller thus:

> The interest of the subject is to become more widely understood, and so more influential. The interest of the professor is to become more unassailable, and so more authoritative. He achieves this by becoming more technical. For the more technical he gets, the fewer can comprehend him; the fewer are competent to criticize him, the more of an oracle he becomes; if, therefore, he wishes for an easy life of undisturbed academic leisure, the more he will indulge his natural tendency to grow more technical as his knowledge grows, the more he will turn away from those aspects of his subject which have any practical or human interest. He will wrap himself in mysteries of technical jargon, and become as nearly as possible unintelligible. Truly, as William James once explained to me, apropos of the policy of certain philosophers, "the natural enemy of any subject is the professor thereof!" It is clear that if these tendencies are allowed to prevail, every subject must in course of time become unteachable, and not worth learning.

He illustrates his case by examples that have been used here:

> Logic has been just examinable nonsense for over two thousand years. The present economic chaos in the world has been indirectly brought about by the policy adopted by the professors of economics forty or fifty years ago, to suit their own convenience. For they then decided that they must escape from the unwelcome attentions of the public by becoming more "scientific"; *i. e.* they ceased to express themselves in plain language and took to mathematical formulæ and curves instead, with the result that the world

promptly relapsed into its primitive depths of economic ignorance. So soon as the professors had retired from it, every economic heresy and delusion, which had been exposed and uprooted by Adam Smith, at once revived and flourished. In one generation economics disappeared completely from the public ken and the political world, and the makers of the peace treaties of 1919 were so incapable of understanding an economic argument that not even the lucid intelligence of Mr. Keynes could dissuade them from enacting the preposterous conditions which rendered impossible the realization of their aims.

Perhaps Professor Schiller is a little severe and is confusing separate functions. It is not necessary that the expert should be understood of the people; it is his job to get at the truth. But it should be somebody's job to interpret the truth for the non-expert man, and a Science of Interpretation for Popular Understanding is one that assuredly needs developing.

Mr. Will Durant, the American historian of philosophy, is as severe in this respect as Professor Schiller. He says, writing of "The Failure of Philosophy":

What has philosophy been since Bacon and Spinoza died? For the most part it has been epistemology, the scholastic theology of knowledge, the technical and esoteric, the mystic and incomprehensible dispute about the existence of the external world. The intelligence that might have made philosopher-kings has gone to erudite analyses of the reasons for and against the possibility that stars and oceans and bacteria and neighbors exist when they are not perceived. And for two hundred and fifty years this battle of the frogs and mice has been going on, with no appreciable result for philosophy or life, and with no profit for any man but the printer.

He sketches a certain modern type:

He builds himself an ivory tower of esoteric tomes and professionally philosophical periodicals; he is comfortable

only in their company, and dreads even the irritating realism of his home. He wanders farther and farther away from his time and place, and from the problems that absorb his people and his century. The vast concerns that properly belong to philosophy do not interest him, they frighten him; he does not feel any passion for pulling things together, for bringing some order and unity into the fertile chaos of his age. He retreats fearfully into a little corner and insulates himself from the world under layer after layer of technical terminology.[1]

Let me remind the reader of the point at which this subject of education was related a few pages back to the working of the apparatus of democracy. I suggested that no apparatus could give the ordinary man sufficient control over his government to constitute democracy unless at least he knows what he wants, is able to "judge general results," interpret simple, everyday social and political phenomena that touch him in his daily life with some correctness, is able to distinguish broadly between what he can and cannot know (as that he can know whether his water is polluted and his taxes going up, but cannot know which of ten candidates would make the best city engineer).

But the development of that sort of aptitude is not a "subject" in our schools at all. We have a grammar of speech to enable students to detect errors in language but we have no grammar of evidence or of truth to help in the interpretation of those things we are compelled to judge every day in our ordinary lives. Logic, as we now know it, is almost worse than useless; and perhaps the thing ought not to be a "subject" at all but a method of approach and dealing with all subjects so as to develop that particular capacity. The main thing

[1] *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1926.

is to be aware of the need. It is pathetic and astonishing how little aware we have been of it and perhaps still are.

Even in fields where one would have assumed that the interpretation of evidence as the condition *sine qua non* of opinion worth anything at all would have been obvious, as in the field of medicine, little importance has been attached to this capacity to judge facts. It is just beginning to be recognized that very nearly the whole problem in therapeutic research lies in the correct interpretation of evidence; that many of the problems are not "medical" problems, narrowly speaking, but problems of the right interpretation of evidence. For a thousand years, medical science pinned its faith as an all-sovereign remedy to bleeding. That is to say, tens of thousands of practitioners through hundreds of years, watching the effects of bleeding, came to the conclusion that it was good. The modern medical world says those hundreds of thousands of doctors through the centuries misinterpreted the evidence, which, however, was the evidence of daily contact with victims. Again and again, where difference of opinion arises between two medical schools or authorities, it is due, not to one having greater knowledge than the other, but to reading the commonly agreed data differently.

It is almost incredible, therefore, that the general culture of the medical practitioner of to-day does not include a knowledge of the principles of evidence. (The man engaged in research is obliged by the conditions of his task to take some cognizance of the laws of evidence.) Latin syntax was all-important until yesterday; no respectable university would think of qualifying a medical man without a knowledge of the structure

of this dead language. But it demanded of him nothing in the way of a knowledge of the technique of reasoning, the use of statistics, the principles of evidence.

Our scale of values in "instruction"' and "information" as apart from education needs revision. Why should it be thought indispensable to let a child know that the earth is round and rotates on its axis, to teach it a good deal about the heavenly bodies, but be deemed quite unnecessary to let it know anything about, say, money and its place in the mechanism of society? For a great many people to believe the earth to be flat would do no particular social damage, but for a great many people to believe that waste is good for trade, machinery bad for labor, that the foreigner can and should send us plenty of money but no goods, are ideas (all but universal in Europe) which cause immeasurable misery and suffering. They impoverish the Western world, help to maintain its armies and navies and its causeless but bloody rivalries. Our children are taught more of the mechanism of the sun and the moon than of the human society in which they live.

Happily the teachers themselves can do something. They can make their job much more difficult by insisting even more than they have done (and of late they have done a good deal in this respect) that a knowledge of isolated facts is not education; that the very poorest way of testing education is to find out how many "facts" the pupil knows—the date of a certain battle, the name of a certain poet, the length of a certain river; that, indeed, such knowledge is, for the most part, utterly useless, and that what matters is the capacity to see how the facts pushed under our noses every day of our lives should affect our daily conduct.

VI.

OUR FEAR OF INTELLIGENCE

But there is something more elusive than these obstacles hindering the thinking activity. And that is the ill-defined fear of weakening authority, particularly moral authority. If we imply to boys and girls that we are not sure what is wrong and what is right; that right and wrong change with time and place, and encourage them to ask questions about those things, then, we feel, the sanctions of conduct are weakened. This attitude extends from morals to politics and even economics. To imply that the national constitution may be defective, the national conduct at times bad, may, we fear, weaken the child's patriotism; deprive it of its national hero-worship; weaken its spirit of emulation. And in economics, to encourage the idea that our economic system might conceivably be altered is to turn out budding bolshevists.

So we tell it what it ought to think, which is teaching it not to think. What is true in morals, politics, economics is just so many more lists of things to learn and to remember. When that is the case, it is not astonishing that we should be stupid about such subjects as ethics, morals, social organization, government, religion, politics and economics. The authoritarian approach to their study, which we have heretofore imposed, necessarily deprives them of all natural interest. It is not sufficiently understood why this should be the case.

What constitutes the natural interest of the young in games, stories, dramas—in sport and fiction? In

every game there is an obstacle to be overcome by the initiative, resource, ingenuity of the player. Success in overcoming them—or in just struggling with them—pleases by the sense of achievement, sometimes stimulated by competitiveness. In the case of fiction and the drama the main appeal is through curiosity, uncertainty, "breathless expectation" as to how the plot will turn out.

Now the search for truth in morals, ethics, religion, politics, social organization, economics, would normally, if we would tell the truth at the start, be marked by all the elements just enumerated. Here, too, are puzzles to be solved, obstacles to be overcome, uncertainties to be faced, curiosity awaiting to be excited. Is ours the best form of government, ours the true religion? Is this conduct moral or immoral? Is that thing right or wrong? Have we discovered Truth, or has she once more escaped us like the elusive hero of the drama chased by his enemies? Could we really make a world where all would be free and happy? How should we do it?

Here are adventures indeed—the great game. We know that the interest of it in fortunate cases can be lifelong. But all the possibility of putting behind the study of these things the same interest which is aroused by play and stories, is surrendered the moment these things become a matter of an authoritative laying down of the law. From the moment that we say authoritatively: "This is the truth, the solution of the puzzle · there are no uncertainties; all you have to do is to remember the law or the catechism and obey it"; from that moment there is no *dénouement* impatiently to be awaited, no plot to the story whose development keeps us awake;

no curiosity, no planning for us to do, no pioneering of the mind, no adventure. Why should you expect the adolescent mind in those circumstances to show the slightest interest, to be anything but dull and stupid about it? Of course, a mind so trained will, when adult, be more interested in Mary Pickford than in the state of Europe, in the last movie than in the destiny of mankind. The average mind is not naturally indolent—it is capable indeed of immense industry. But it loses interest in the big things because in childhood it has had to pass through the sterilizing tank of "authoritative truth."

We are still genuinely confused and doubtful as to the proper place of freedom of thought in judgment on the one side, and authority on the other. We take up catch-words, as Americans took up the catch-word of Liberty, without any understanding of how it could operate practically; as though it were a principle that could be applied in its entirety without qualifications of any kind, instead of a principle that must have qualifications at many points. Americans orate about Liberty, build statues to it, compose hymns to it, become intensely emotional with reference to it, and then violently assail its social or political application at the point where it is most indispensable for the development of democratic capacity.

Those who fear a "weakening of authority" might well ask, who ultimately *is* the authority? It is in these moral values, public opinion, the mass of men. Since they are the law-givers they must be allowed the conditions of sound judgment.

Let us try to clarify the point.

When we say that the decision in vital social matters

is thrown upon the "community," the "nation," we mean that it is thrown upon John Smith and Mary Brown—the individuals, that is, who compose the community or the nation. For a community or a nation cannot decide or think; only men and women can think. And if Smith decides some matter of morals or politics, say, in one way because Brown has decided it that way, and Brown has decided it that way because Smith has decided it that way, what are the grounds upon which Smith and Brown have based their faith and their decision?

And note the enormous forces pushing them to that method, the choice of their criterion. Reasoning of the kind involved in private and individual judgment, even in small matters, is very much an acquired taste, sometimes "an intolerable burden." And risky. Suppose one made a mistake? Not merely in the rule of the motor road, but in countless other things, there is no telling where individual judgment might not land us. Instead of this difficult, head-aching business of deciding all by oneself what is right, why not accept what has always been accepted, what the authorities on the subject have laid down, and send the heretic to the inquisition? So herd instinct, individual inertia, idleness, the desire for "certitudes," for a sure anchorage, all come to buttress the habit of acquiescence, convention, taboo, authority.

But, again, which *is* the authority? Who decides what authority shall proclaim the right line of conduct, the true faith? An older and simpler form of society had a perfectly logical attitude about that. The old inquisitor said in effect to the heretic before him: "How can you, an isolated individual, be any fit judge of

what is religious truth and set your conclusions against the judgment of men who have devoted whole lives to the elucidation of religious truth? It is not your business to form opinions, but to accept those which men better constituted to get at sound doctrine have put forth." But the inquisitor did not end the oration by adding: "And now that we have forbidden you to use your reasoning powers about religious truth, will you please step up to this chair and lay down to the world what precisely it is to believe and do in these matters?"

Yet that is exactly our position to-day towards what the inquisitor would have called the "mob" and the governance of the world. This is the stultifying contradiction in our present conceptions of democracy. For having said in effect that as individuals we really cannot decide, but must leave it to authority, we immediately, as democrats, add: "We are that authority, and woe betide anyone who forgets it." "Leave it to the President," said America in 1918, and lynched anyone who seemed to challenge the President's view. But when the President, in the fullness of his authority, presented to the American people the rules he laid down—the Covenant of the League and the Treaty of Versailles—the same people who had "left it to the President" and had refused to allow any free discussion or adequate examination of the President's opinions, promptly rejected those opinions and would have nothing of them. Those who had forbidden judgment, judged. We fear to encourage in men the habit of individual judgment, but entrust our lives to the hazard of that judgment. We do nothing to develop the capacity for individual judgment in the ordinary man; it irritates us when he displays it (we dislike people who

do not share our opinions, and we are careful so to organize our lives that we are reminded as seldom as possible of such impertinence: to take no papers, join no clubs, read no books, hear no preachers that do not agree with us). But we make that individual judgment, multiplied a few million times, the ultimate authority in our society.

Instinct makes us exceedingly alive to the need for unity of action in society. We have been much less alive, however, to the fact that the action for which the unity is demanded is decided by people whose capacity to make such decisions has been atrophied by this development of the tendency to sheer acquiescence.

Because we fear that the individual judgment of ignorant folk would undermine authority, we disparage that judgment, and then proceed to make that individual the final judge of what authority shall proclaim. So concerned have we been to make men observe the law that we have overlooked the necessity for developing their capacity to distinguish between good laws and bad. We have severe punishments for breaking law; none for making bad laws. So concerned have we been to bring and keep men under the discipline of religion that we have overlooked the need for equipping them to decide whether the religion under whose influence they are brought is a true one.

When society was, in fact, a much less complicated machine than the sheer march of invention has now made it, this emphasis of authority, in view of the unity achieved by it, was perhaps a right emphasis. When great masses of men, owing to the absence of effective communication one with another, or through any other cause, were not yet equipped consciously to frame laws

and rules themselves, they have been brought to obey those drawn up by priests or kings, or to observe traditions or respect taboos on the principle that it does not matter which way the road traffic goes, to the right or to the left, provided that all do the same thing.

But traffic problems are more intricate than they used to be, and the means of meeting them much more difficult to devise. We have come to the point where we have decided for good or ill that the users of the roads must themselves devise the elaborate rules by which the problems shall be met, must make intricate decisions affecting the lives of the whole community. And for that task I suggest that they have not been fitted. The qualities of mind which alone can fit them are precisely the qualities which, in fact, we are consciously or unconsciously discouraging in them. Conformity to certain rules of conduct there must be; in a thousand details the individual cannot be allowed freedom to "follow his own convictions," irrespective of those of his neighbors. In a thousand circumstances of everyday life we have no time, no opportunity, to examine our beliefs. We subscribe to them, without examination, because they are the views of our time, and act on them until we find them unworkable.

The conditions of modern life—largely the material conditions — tend enormously to enlarge the field in which that acquiescence is inevitable. A man follows the traffic rule, because if he did not he would get killed; catches the bus to town, because if he did not he would lose his job; accepts the latest views about appendicitis, because he has usually just twenty-four hours in which to make up his mind about the operation, and that is not time enough to read up the subject.

Now it is this necessity for "keeping step" which ensures a sufficient conformity for society's purpose, and the real difficulty we have to meet is not the lack of conformity, for normally the tendency to conform is overpowering, but our obvious inaptitude for individual judgment.

Our education perforce in some measure represses it; our churches are extremely suspicious of it in their sphere; our literary lights are usually contemptuous of the "logic" which might help it, and laud intuition and instinct to the disparagement of reason. The usual price of success in journalism or politics is to conform to the herd's opinion as blatantly as possible. Then, taking the individual formed by that training and environment, we make him the master, in some curious hope, it would seem, that if only we can multiply wrong conclusions a sufficient number of times, they become right conclusions; that folly, if only there is a great deal of it, will somehow become wisdom.

VII.

"GOODNESS" IS NOT ENOUGH: THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO APPLY INTELLIGENCE

But if we feel, even when we do not give expression to the feeling, that the sphere of morals and conduct is not the proper field for the application of the scientific spirit, the play of intelligence (and excluding the field of morals and conduct from the domain of the scientific spirit we exclude of course much of social organization and politics) we do so for a further reason, almost theological in character.

We like to feel that "goodness" is enough. "Be good, fair maid, and let who will be clever" implies that good conduct can be secured without the trouble of much thought or intelligence. No less representative a person than President Coolidge expressed the view in clear terms in one of his recent speeches:

> Good citizenship is not so much a matter of information as of disposition, not so much of the head as of the heart, not so much dependent upon knowledge as upon sentiment. Those who want to do right have little difficulty in finding out the right. [1]

And he carries the thing into the field of economics:

> To provide for the economic well-being of our inhabitants, only three attributes which are not beyond the reach of the average person are necessary—honesty, industry, and thrift.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Baldwin is quite capable of making the same speech, although the British Prime Minister, having just failed completely to find a solution for the coal crisis has very good reason to know that a good disposition and a sound heart will hardly suffice for a country in the position of Great Britain; it is not possible to provide for its people without an extremely scientific attention to such details as the relation of currency policy to unemployment and trade; without, that is, an intellectual effort that constitutes a good deal more than "honesty, industry and thrift." Will the currency difficulties of France or the other European belligerents just solve themselves if the people are "good"? The French people are industrious,

[1] Before the National and International Oratorical Contests of 1926, held in Washington.

thrifty, and honest beyond most: but those qualities will not enable them to distinguish between good and bad plans of franc stabilization, and without such mundane qualities as technical competence, no honesty or industry or thrift can possibly prevent vast miseries.

This refusal to see that the world can suffer just as much from the errors of good men as from the sins of wicked, is due in large part doubtless to the desire to preserve an over-simplified belief in the essential rightness of reward and punishment as now operative. As intelligence is not a matter of the will, and people cannot be "clever" just by trying, we feel that they ought not to be punished for being stupid.

But is it not possible that certain stupidities which have of late been so mischievous, may be due to defects which we should call moral in their nature—to laziness, to dislike of disciplines, to desires to indulge passions and give them grand names, to avoid that sweat of the brow which alone, we have been told, can bring us salvation?

Certainly something of this is involved when we invoke, as we so often do for these collective follies, "human nature."

One may say of many of these pages: they are an attempt to indict the human race, which must necessarily be a futile attempt. If we are all mad, it is not madness. We are made that way. It was natural, inevitable, that these tempers and passions should dictate conduct at certain crises. What, for instance, in reference to the peace settlement, could you expect in view of all that the Allies had suffered at the hands of Germany for five years? Did you really expect that on an occasion of that kind ordinary folk should be

cool, balanced? Can we ask that men shall alter the way that they are made? It was natural, and "that's an end of it."

Certainly it was entirely natural, entirely in keeping with human nature, which is merely another way of saying what I am here concerned to show: that we are not "naturally" wise in our public decisions, only wise as the result of disciplines we impose upon ourselves; that the instincts and impulses of men in the mass are quite inadequate as a guide in our complex society; that those instincts must be guided and directed by intelligence.

Let us take a homely illustration of what is meant by the statement that human nature will destroy us unless disciplined by a knowledge based upon experience.

Some years ago, in a packed European picture theatre, someone suddenly raised the cry of "Fire!" The audience obeyed their instinct—the instinct of self-preservation. One would say that if there is any instinct we can safely obey it is that of self-preservation. They obeyed it—that is to say, a few obeyed it, and the rest found the instinct of self-preservation strengthened by the instinct of the herd and of imitation—and there was a general rush for the doors, which happened to get jammed. Ten people were trampled to death. It was a false alarm. There was no fire. Those people perished from an ill-disciplined obedience to sheer instinct; or, if you prefer behavioristic terms, by mechanically reacting to an external stimulus.

A few weeks later, in another theatre, the cry of "Fire!" was again raised. But the manager happened to

be present, and with the memory of the previous catastrophe in his mind, was determined to stop the threatened panic. Jumping upon the stage, he cried in a dramatic voice: "Keep your seats. No one is to move. Now, there is plenty of time. Rise. Look to the nearest exit. Walk. No one runs."

That theatre was emptied in perfect order, although this time there was a fire and the place was burned to the ground.

What happened in this second case? Instinct was guided, disciplined, by an intelligence using a knowledge of experience—a knowledge of the way in which our minds and natures work, and using that knowledge to alter the way in which instincts or external stimuli determine behavior.

And looking back on the panics into which the Babbitts have drifted these last ten years—this great nation throwing itself under the leadership of its theatrical Kaiser into an adventure which brought it catastrophe; that other nation rampaging at one moment for pacifism, the next for a smashing military punishment; a third group making a peace which five minutes of cold thought would show could not work—looking back on these stampedes, we might summarize the problem before us by asking how we can do for one another, for the greater audiences of the nations, what the theatre manager of the second theatre fire did for his more limited audience. How can we? What *are* the necessary disciplines?

It may be objected: The life of impulse, the free movement of the human spirit, is a necessity of that spirit; a highly regulated, sternly disciplined rationalized life—that, it may well be argued, would be an

intolerable burden. But it is not a question either of repression or suppression of impulse or instinct. A concrete illustration which I have used before will make the point plain.

I have nursed, say, a fierce vengeance against an enemy for many years. Brooding upon it has brought me to the point of murder, and I am determined that if I can but find this man he shall be killed. A friend to whom I have confided this intention uses reason, argument, against this course; but to no avail. Yet upon the day on which I encounter my enemy in the street, and am about to kill him with my revolver, I am stayed by an argument of pure logic. For as he raises the right hand, I see that it has five fingers. My enemy had a finger missing; and a piece of pure logic, reasoning, demonstrates to me that this is a case of mistaken identity. As soon as that is plain, the impulse to kill falls to the ground, falls as the result of an intellectual process; and if this man is arrested as the presumed author of the crime which had created my anger, emotions *now* do not flow against him at all. The impulse is to go to his rescue, in order that a judicial error should not be committed.

I will add a further illustration as a reply to the objection often raised that "reason is so feeble and emotion is so strong." The feeble and tiny element of reason in man corresponds, let us say, to the compass of a ship; his emotions to the power developed in the engines. To point out the feebleness of the force which draws the magnet to the north is irrelevant. It *is* feeble, but on that feeble instrument depends whether the power of the engines shall be an element of safety or

of danger. If the small piece of mechanism points truly, the greater the engine-power developed the better. If it does not point truly, the greater the engine-power, the greater will be the wreck when a defective compass has put the ship upon the rocks.

Let us now return to the theatre fire. What enabled the manager to secure such instant response to his call for discipline? Why was it thus possible to obtain a guide, a check to instincts? Because the audience had previously, when *not* under the influence of panic, been made familiar with the need of discipline—sufficiently familiar to know in a general way that where fire breaks out, there human nature is likely to betray them; that they "ought" to make an effort of the will to "keep their heads." If this obligation is never brought home to them, if they are temperamentally quite unprepared, in the sense of never having been warned at all, if the tradition of self-control has not grown up, if there is no sense of shame in cowardice, they will be uncontrollable when the panic starts. A girls' school which has the best traditions, plus regular fire drill, will be well disciplined at a fire; a school which has no such tradition and is never drilled, *when there is no fire*, will have an unpleasant experience when fire comes.

Elaborate the illustration a little. Let us imagine a girls' school in which teachers and parents alike have got somehow into their heads the idea that fire discipline was a definitely bad thing; that it was a great reflection upon the school and the girls to suppose that they could possibly need it when fire broke out; that they were good girls with right instincts in a crisis, and could be depended upon, without any special preparation, to

do the right thing; and that those who suggested anything to the contrary were traitors to the school, mean-spirited, craven, cowards.

Well, it is precisely this later line which is the usual and popular line when we come to the panics which mark certain aspects of public policy. Patriotic writers, poets, teachers, orators, not only implicitly, but very often explicitly, declare that the emotional, instinctive, intuitive impulse is the best guide in political conduct; that to examine objectively and coldly our own behavior, the conduct that is of our own nation, is to undermine all proper patriotic feeling.

In Germany, before the war, there were a few leaders here and there who tried to duplicate for their nation the service performed by the manager in the second theatre panic, and to utter warnings against the growth of that dangerous chauvinist nationalism in which the innate instinct to domination and coercion had been fed, not merely by political demagogues, but by historians, pseudo-scientists, university professors, clergy. But we know what happened to those who uttered the warnings. If it were a university professor who begged his audience to stop and think a moment of where this new philosophy was leading, why he lost his chair; if a pastor, his pastorate; if a newspaper editor, his circulation.

And the same kind of fate awaited those who during the war in England tried to warn their countrymen against the danger of making just that kind of peace which was, in fact, made. They were met with revilings, bitter hatred. The prophets were stoned.

But what, then, remains if hard truth is necessary

for the civilization or the direction of passion, and passion makes it impossible to see the truth?

Well, we are not all of us passionate—at least, not all of us all the time. And it is during the more realistic moods, in the lucid intervals, that we may be brought to look at our past behavior, to recognize the tempers which prompted that behavior, to get a new feeling about it; may be brought to see, perhaps, that what in our haste we called "good" is, in fact, bad, to put it on the shelf of our minds labelled "evil," and by that act be less ready in the next bout of temper to take it down and re-label it good—less ready to stone the prophets.

In the last resort, educational reform, like all the other elements of progress towards a better collective judgment, a better public mind, will depend upon that revision of moral values about which I have spoken. Can we acquire a feeling of the moral obligation to apply intelligence, and so to observe the conditions of truth that we do not become more stupid than we need be? So far, our standards have encouraged the flagrant violation of those conditions which, among other things, include the duty not to believe except on good evidence, to hold an open mind, to listen to countervailing views, to be tolerant of opposing opinion, to have patience with the person who has the impudence to disagree with us, to hate demagogy as at times the vilest form of intellectual prostitution. Our standards do not encourage the will to apply the tests of intelligence. The fair maid must be "good," not clever. As though the fair maid could be good without being clever (particularly in this generation!), could be just to her

neighbors, refrain from repeating stories which a better intelligence would show to be untrue, but which "good" women seem to have a special aptitude for repeating; could play her part in life without leaving a trail of mischief behind her—could do all this without an intellectual effort.

We tell our children that they must speak the truth, with the implication that it is a mere matter of "goodness" so to do, of the moral will; that the truth is quite easy to see, and that their conscience, God, will tell them what is the truth. But this implication that truth is thus a matter of intuition is itself a refusal to face the truth. The most mischievous lies are those we tell when we think we are telling the truth, when intuition betrays us because we allow a temper, an instinct, to swamp reason. We inculcate a definite moral code (or try to) by catechisms, religious literature, tradition, precept; we are all the time warning children against instinct, "temptation" in fields of morals, but we do not even suggest that there are temptations in the formation of opinion, daily intellectual sins; or we imply that they do not matter.

It is not true that intelligent behavior is unrelated to the will, stupidity something which can in no measure be affected by any effort of the will. Many of the conditions of truth, the attitude which will give us a greater chance of seeing the facts, *are* matters of the will. We *can* restrain our temper sufficiently to listen to a countervailing view; we *can* watch our vanities; *can* stop to inquire of ourselves whether we are obeying an irrelevant sympathy or hostility. These social disciplines are as possible, if cultivated, as was the discipline which enabled the theatre audience to check its

momentary onrush to the doors upon being reminded by the manager of what would follow that stampede.

How far can we encourage this will to intelligence?

By far the most powerful inducement in our behavior in society is the approbation of our fellows; that form of vanity which socially makes the world go round. It may indeed be said with truth that the sanctions which operate most powerfully among men are not, properly speaking, legal sanctions at all. The thing which drives a modern business man to intense labor all his life is certainly not the need for actual food or shelter, but the desire for a standard of life which will secure for him a certain social deference. It is this respect—eminence, honor, glory, if you will, of varying degrees—which provides the dominant social motive. Men do conform to the demands made by the current social standards. Sometimes those standards are moral, in the more limited sense of the word, exacting, that is, conformity to a certain code of conduct. In other circles the important thing is conformity to a certain etiquette. But, whichever it is, the standard is immensely powerful.

Certainly it can discipline this "human nature."

Watch the well-bred woman receive an unwelcome visitor at an unconscionable hour. The hostess's instinct, impulse, all the impetuousness within her, is prompting her to say: "For Heaven's sake go away and call at some more seemly hour." She does nothing like that. She approaches with extended hands and a charming smile and tells her visitor how delighted she is to see her, and if, after an hour of interminable talk, the visitor should make a move to go, begs her to stay a little longer. Why this immolation? Because the social

standards demand that the hostess shall check her instinct. And she does so. It is the thing which keeps a fear-ridden soldier in the ranks. About most that we do there is no compulsion but the approbation or disparagement of our fellows. If it were as important to observe the rules that we all know to be indispensable to the discernment of truth as it is to take off our hats to ladies, we should be astonished at the change which would take place in the character of the public mind, the improvement in the standard of discussion, the quickening of the understanding of contrary points of view, the discernment of the difficulties of other nations, the increased capacity to settle conflicts which now seem irrepressible, problems which now seem insoluble.

Even biology, or recent biological speculation, gives some encouragement of the hope that the improvement of understanding would follow a different scale of moral values, setting up a new will. One recalls how Bernard Shaw, in dealing with the part played by the will in development, in creative evolution, has forecast for us in *Methuselah* the time when men, desiring to try the experiment of having three heads apiece, developed a will within the organism to grow three heads; and grew them. One may be pardoned a little scepticism as to the possibility of growing three heads, however strong the will within the organism. But we may nurse a hope perhaps that, if that will is made sufficiently strong by the pressures and sanctions just touched upon, it might at least result in the growing of one head. Which perhaps would suffice for our purpose.

Most men want to do right. The trouble for them usually is to discern what *is* right. Our modern world

at least, whatever may have been true of other times, suffers more from honest misunderstanding as to what *is* righteousness, than from intentional wrong-doing. The "wicked man" of the Prayer Book, defying the accepted moral code of his time, is never much of a menace to human society. All are on their guard against him. It is the "good" man, offering no challenge to the conventions, animated by high motives of duty and social obligation, aflame with moral indignation, hate, and vengeance, who puts society in danger. When there is a chance that Evil may appear with the credentials of righteousness, then indeed the foundations of things are threatened. The pious witch-hunter, sowing terror among men, bemusing their minds and perverting their spirits; the high-minded Inquisitor, passionately convinced that only by forbidding thought upon religion, and by making readiness to believe improbable things the supreme virtue, can society be kept together; the self-sacrificing patriot who would rather see his country a desert than allow old hatreds to die away—it is these idealists of the wrong ideal who have done more damage to society than the worst of the recognized villains, whose activities so absorb the official guardians of morality.

It would not be true to call the burner of witches, the torturer of heretics, the fomenters of patriotic war, murderers or assassins. Usually they have been passionately convinced that they were doing right, obeying the will of God. It is the ideas that were assassins. The men who held those ideas had merely failed to examine credentials, to see whether, as an old illustration has it, the Deity who had spoken to them and aroused their feelings so intensely, was in

fact God—or Satan. They "meant well" in their cruelty and devastation. Their motives were pure, as are often, for instance, those of judges who send innocent men to their doom. But we may well question whether we should excuse the judicial error which sent the wrong man—a Dreyfus or another—to the scaffold or to the lyncher's pyre, on the ground that the hatred of the alleged crime of treason or rape was so intense. We commonly speak of the logic which has nothing to do with morals. But reason alone can show us that this accused person with whom we are so indignant on moral grounds, is in fact innocent of the crime of which we accuse him. Shall we be accounted guiltless of injustice if we send him to his death, because our moral indignation was so intense that it made us incapable of the cold reason which would have revealed to us the truth? There are circumstances in which "cold" reason is a moral obligation—cold reason particularly about the things which provoke warm feeling, our group loyalties, national claims, class interests, herd instincts.

"Goodness," the emotion of right and righteousness, however necessary that may be, is not enough. Not long since, an English divine said that the root-cause of all war was the selfishness and avarice of men; that only by turning to righteousness and duty could men be saved. One thought of the spectacle of tens of thousands of youngsters going to their deaths as to a feast on those battle-fields ten years since; of the mothers who let them go; of the fathers who were proud of them; of the millions who starved and skimped and suffered through the years with glad hearts. Selfishness? Avarice? Well, of course, when one thinks of it, not on our side, but on the German side. But can even

a German give his life with the valor that those thousands did from motives of avarice—unless they were quite unusually certain of their mansions in the skies? Cannot we face the plain fact that if they, too, showed heroism, unselfishness, abnegation, it was because a sense of duty impelled them also? But it was a mistaken sense of duty. And that is the whole point. The leaders and teachers and pastors and masters came to these German people speaking of duty, Fatherland, righteousness; speaking as the voice of God. Unhappily it was the voice of Satan masquerading in divine raiments; and the disguise very nearly enabled him to destroy that generation.

We cannot throw the task of finding out what *is* righteousness upon some easy emotional intuition, inner light, God. He has told us that we can only live by the sweat of our brows, which may be taken to mean of our brains, our minds. In so far as emotion comes into it, as it must, it should come to reinforce this supreme need of loyalty to the task of truth.

One great error seems to have misled us in the past. We have said (putting it in theological terms): "God will tell us what is righteousness, what is truth." Plainly He will not. He will tell us to do righteousness and to tell the truth, but not what righteousness and truth are. To find that out is the job to which He has condemned us, or dedicated us.

In Shaw's play *Saint Joan*, when Joan announces her intention of marching upon Paris, the French Commander points out that in that decision she is disregarding her experience as a soldier. "Oh, God will see me through," replies Joan with some casualness. The Commander then retorts: "God will be no man's

daily drudge." God will stiffen our hearts, and tell us we must stick it in a tight place, but He will not save us the trouble of finding out whether there is forage along this road and not along the other. That planning is our job, and we cannot shirk it by passing it along casually to God.

We have succeeded fairly well in the management of matter. We make steam and electricity, and sometimes the ether, do largely what we want. But we have not succeeded in making our minds, tempers, natures, do what we want. There we are all the puppets of forces we often do not see, or face, or understand. We must both face and understand them more completely. From the conquest of inanimate nature we must go forward to the conquest of human nature. Otherwise human nature will destroy human society.

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